

Crowell

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ARTHUR'S

HOME MAGAZINE

1886.

FIFTY-FOURTH VOLUME.

Illustrated.

MS

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T. S. ARTHUR & SON.
1886.



FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1886:

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FIGURE NO. 1. LADIES' WRAP.

FIGURE NO. 1.—This illustrates a Ladies' wrap. The pattern, which is No. 669 and costs 35 cents, is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure.

This is a superb and stylish wrap, and may be worn with any kind of costume. It is here shown made of plush, and a row of lynx fur covers the standing collar, passes about the loose edges of the fronts, encircles the sleeves and borders the lower edge of the back. The back is quite short, reaching only a little below the waist-line, and exhibits three well-curved seams which fit it closely to the figure. The fronts are loose and shape long, narrow tabs; and they are extended to pass beneath the sleeves and join the back below the arms'-eyes. Hooks and eyes close the fronts to below the waist-line. The sleeves are in mandarin style at the hand, present the high, dolman arch at the shoulders, and fall in two tabs quite deep at each side; the lower edges of the tabs being gathered up closely and tipped with large, heavy cord tassels. A



FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' WRAP.

similar tassel is fastened at the separation of the tabs, producing a very elaborate effect. The under portion of the sleeve is loose from the upper portion to its lower edge, and is shaped to render the sleeve comfortable and graceful in appearance.

Embossed and plain plushes, brocaded, beaded and embroidered velvets, silks and satins, also *frieze*, *bouclé* and rough, fancy, plain and mixed cloths, coatings and suitings of all kinds, are suitable for such wraps. This mode will also be selected for garments to match particular costumes. Down, fur, fringe, jet, etc., may be used for trimming. A handsome lining is always a necessity in a nice wrap, and this may be quilted or plain, as preferred. Sometimes the sleeves will be of a different material from the back and front, and beaded net on silk or velvet will often produce the contrast.

The felt hat has its brim smoothly faced with plush. It is trimmed with a scarf of fancy silk draped about the crown and arranged in front, two

stiff wings adding jauntiness to the arrangement.

LADIES' DOUBLE-BREASTED WRAP.

No. 644.—This wrap is here developed in *frisé* cloth and plush. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs $5\frac{3}{8}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide, or 2 yards 54 inches wide, with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of plush 20 inches wide for the collar, etc. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



644

Front View.



644

Back View.



650

Front View.



650

Back View.

CHILD'S DRESS.

No. 650.—This stylish and picturesque little pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. To make the dress for a child of 4 years, will require 4 yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



643

Front View.



643

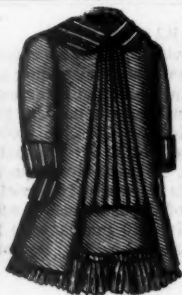
Back View.

LADIES' COAT.

No. 643.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs $9\frac{5}{8}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards 48 inches wide, or $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 54 inches wide, with a piece of fur 22 inches wide and 25 inches long for the collar, etc. Price, 40 cents.



627

Front View.

639

Front View.

639

Back View.

627

Back View.

CHILD'S COSTUME.

No. 639.—The stylish costume here represented is made of plain and striped dress goods. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and may be chosen for the development of a single fabric, if preferred. For a child of 4 years, it needs $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of contrasting fabric 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

(ALSO KNOWN AS THE "COLLEEN"
No. 627.—This pattern is in 6 sizes for misses from 10 to 15 years of age. To make the garment for a miss of 12 years, will require $6\frac{3}{8}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27 wide, each with $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of ribbon

COAT.

"BAWN" AND "FOUR-IN-HAND.")
for misses from 10 to 15 years of age. 12 years, will require $6\frac{3}{8}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 3 yards 48 inches for a bow. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



641

Side-Front View.

634

GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 634.—This very pretty little pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years of age. To make the costume for a girl of 8 years, will require $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of goods 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 641.—This over-skirt is here pictured as made of fancy suiting, and the unattached edges of the front-drapery are bordered with velvet of a



641

Side-Back View.

contrasting shade. All kinds of suitings make up prettily in this way, and the edges may be trimmed or plain. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs $7\frac{3}{8}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 661.—These engravings portray an exceedingly jaunty dress-body made of fancy suiting and plain velvet of a contrasting color, the latter material being also employed as decoration. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and is suited to the development of all seasonable dress goods. To make the basque for a lady of medium size, needs $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of goods 48 inches wide, each with 1 yard of velvet 20 inches wide for the collar, lapels, etc. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



661
Front View.



661
Back View.



657
Front View.



657
Back View.

GIRLS' SACK.

No. 657.—This pattern is in 11 sizes for girls from 2 to 12 years of age, and may be used for flannel, merino, fancy, plain, striped or plaid cloths, etc. For a girl of 8 years, it will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 27 inches wide, or 1 yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



FIGURE NO. 2.—CHILD'S COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 2.—This illustrates Child's costume No. 636, which is shown developed in a combination of plain cloth and silk in the present instance, with Astrakhan braid for its simple trimming. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and is adapted to one or more varieties of goods. To make the costume for a child of 4 years, will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide, each with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of silk 20 inches wide for the sash, collar, etc. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



663
Front View.

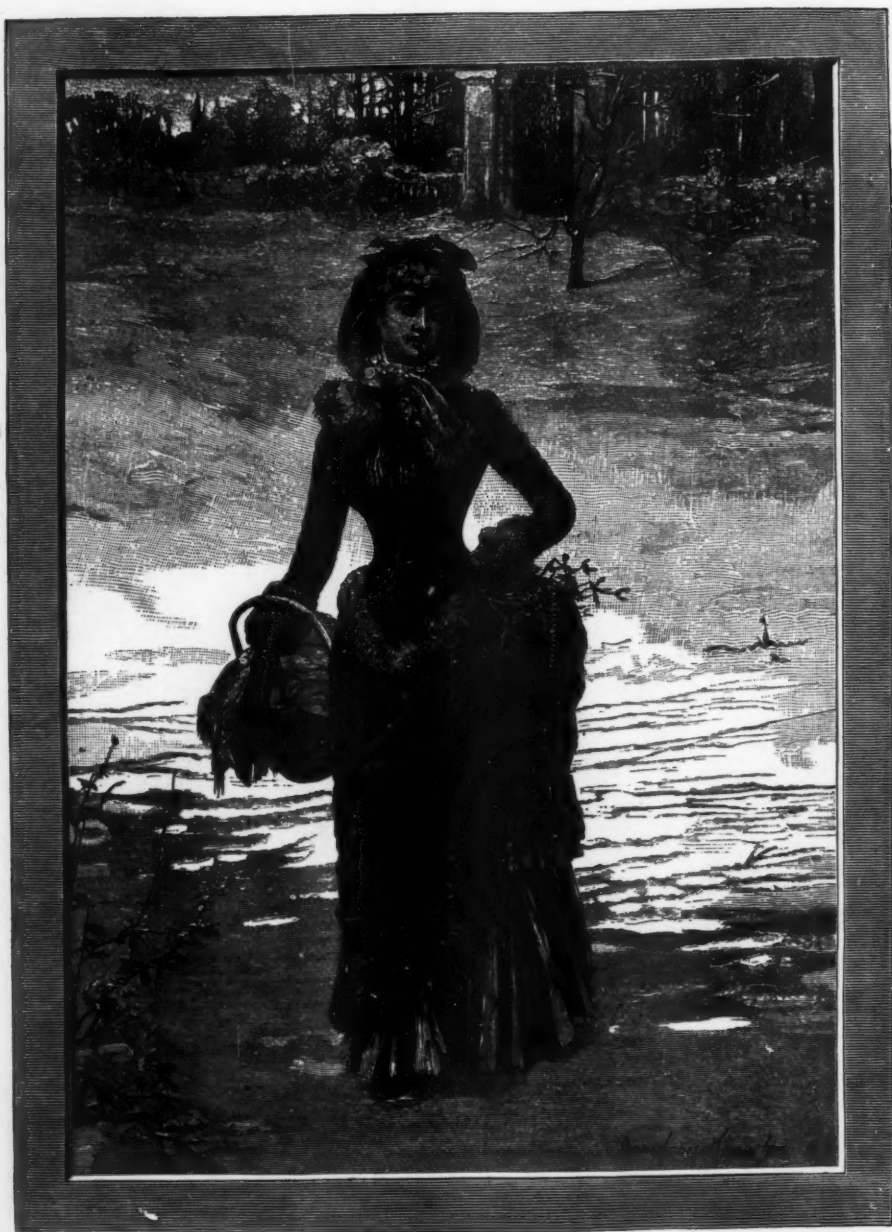


663
Back View.

MISSES' BASQUE.

No. 663.—Plain dress goods and velvet are united in this basque. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 12 years, it needs $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide, each with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of velvet 20 inches wide for the collar, etc. Price, 25 cents.

The Publishers of the HOME MAGAZINE will supply any of the foregoing Patterns post-paid, on receipt of price.



" My lady comes at last,
Timid, and stepping fast,
* * * * *
She comes—she's here—she's past—
May Heaven go with her!"



TIC-TAC.



"My lady comes at last,
Timid, and clapping feet."

* * * * *
She comes—she's here—she's past—
May Heaven go with her!"



TIC-TAC.



ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

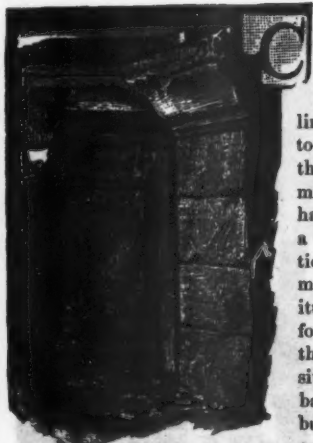
VOL. LIV.

JANUARY, 1886.

No. 1.

THE ROMAN BATH.

By H. S. ATWATER.



ENTRANCE TO A ROMAN BATH.

CERTAINLY, if it is as we are told, that "cleanliness is next to godliness," then the Roman must have occupied a high position in the matter of spiritual things, for even in this progressive age, the bath stands in but a crude and embryonic relation

to those of more than ten centuries that have passed away. Roman needs and customs elevated bathing into the ranks of art, and evoked its inspiration to shed divinely transforming light over their architecture and in the luxurious adaptation for their comforts.

From the earliest record of the Romans they seem to have been an essentially cleanly people, and vases and amphora, in their ornamentations, have preserved for the present generation numerous bathing scenes dating from the very earliest times. But as the nation spread the terror of its arms to the uttermost parts of the then known world, and Imperial Rome arose in the sunlight of a new civilization, its towers glittering with riches gathered in from Gaul and Britain and the Ophirs of the East, then luxury, that canker in the heart of great republics, followed surely in the track of wealth, and superb *thermae*, or baths, were erected, patronized by the great and powerful, and used by them at times to curry favor with

the masses, instancing which, the *Edile Agrippa*, while in office, built one hundred and seventy bathing chambers, to which everybody was admitted gratis for the space of one year, and who at his death left his magnificent private *thermae* to the people.

When, in later times, the *gymnasia*, where wrestling and games of skill and force took place, extensive libraries and even museums, for those more intellectually inclined, were added, the immense importance of these Roman *thermae* on the national life may be estimated. All that art and wealth could devise to render them attractive was lavished upon them, demanded, as it was, by the needs of the people, who, in the higher class especially, spent the greater part of each day within their walls. Indeed, it may be said that the *thermae* stood to the patrician Roman in somewhat of the same light that the social club life does to the man of the present day, but with a far deeper and wider significance, for here in these superb baths, Rome found congregated the greatest and most powerful of her subjects; here philosophers met to discuss profound metaphysical questions and propound their several schools to the listening world; here dissatisfied supporters of some effete or cruel tyrant plotted and laid their plans for his overthrow and their own elevation; and here the gilded youth of Rome met in company, their various individualities still sufficiently impressionable to take the stamp of popular opinion.

Naturally, such habits of the bath would demand increased facilities, and the apparently endless stream of wealth that poured in a golden river into the coffers of Rome, made her people lavish where so much of comfort and enjoyment were concerned.

Seneca, speaking of the decorations of the bath, tells marvelous stories of valuable marbles, glass and silver, Roman ladies refusing,

according to the elder Pliny, to enter a bath without solid silver fittings. It can readily be understood, therefore, what an influence these *thermae*, filling the important position they did in the mind and customs of the Roman citizen, exercised, not only over their social intercourse, but also unmistakably and inevitably on their political and national life.

The usual time for the bath was the eighth or ninth hour, although, to suit the convenience of all, they were generally kept open the greater part of the day until sunset, and in imperial times they continued open all night, as is shown by numerous lamps found in them and by the marks of lamp-soot on the walls of the *thermae* of Pompeii.

iron lying in front of it, occupied the centre of the establishment, and diffused its heat through the basement, ascending to the different bath-rooms by earthen or leaden pipes in the walls. The bath-rooms, divided into different sets of apartments for the convenience of the two sexes, and lying over the basement, were grouped about the furnace at a greater or less distance, thereby increasing or diminishing the heat in them to suit the various tastes of their patrons and the different stages of the bath. Tanks, or tubs, occupied the centre of the *caldaria* (hot baths) and *frigidaria* (cold baths), while benches and chairs were ranged along the sides of the walls or placed in suitable niches.



RUIN OF A ROMAN BATH.

Naturally, the first simple idea of the bath originating in the *lavatrina*, or wash-house, soon became almost absurd in the eyes of the luxurious people, who demanded, not only their ablutions, but that there should be manifold processes connected therewith, such as hot, sudatory, tepid, cold, shower-baths, and oiling of the body—all of which rendered more attractive that which they regarded as a daily necessity; and, in obedience to this demand, large and magnificent buildings arose, richly decorated with sculptures and paintings, costly marbles, elegant bronzes, and mosaics.

All the bath-rooms lay over a sub-structure about two feet high, resting on pillars one and a half feet apart. The furnace, with the firing-

In the last days of the Republic, according to Vitruvius, the larger establishments added another building, circular and covered by a cupola, in which the temperature, by means of a separate heating apparatus, could be immensely increased, and, by the aid of a brass plate suspended on chains from the dome, rendered more or less condensed.

The opening and closing was announced by the sound of a bell, and the visitor was obliged to pay an entrance fee gauged by the kind of accommodation desired, the janitor throwing this money into a box and giving in return a ticket to be delivered to the bathing-master, these fees being occasionally remitted to the people by the *ædiles* to court popularity.

From this portico the bather passed into the *apodyteria*, or disrobing chamber, and from there entered the *tepidarium* (sudatory bath), where the dry rubbing also took place. This finished, he was conducted to the *caldarium*, which, as its name designates, was a hot, sometimes a very hot, bath, and in a niche of this room stood the flat *labrum* (tub), filled with cold water, that, together with a cold plunge into the *cisterna* of the *frigidarium*, terminated the bath proper.

Then commenced a series of rubbings and anointings in the *unctorium* with oils and ointments. Indeed, this commenced before the bath and was continued at intervals between the different stages, the slave carrying the oil-bottles, the scraper, or *strigilis*, to remove the oil or perspiration from the skin, and the linen towels.

Soap was only known in imperial times, the poorer classes using a sort of paste, but the wealthier Romans commanding the most costly ointments composed of native flowers and shrubs, as the rose, crocus, myrtle, and Oriental ingredients, kept in bottles of precious metals or alabastron.

Finally, the limbs were stretched, the whole body rubbed with swan's-down or purple sponges, and scented powder strewn over the person and among the clothes. Nor did this effeminacy interfere with the martial spirit of the invincible legions of Rome; for they carried the idea of the bath with them wherever they went, and conquered provinces where the trail of the Romans lay, show ruins of baths erected by them. Nor were medicinal springs overlooked by the Roman in his passion for the bath, and of this beautiful Baie, on the Bay of Naples, affords a graphic example.

There probably never was a greater exponent of magnificent extravagance exhibited to the world than by the baths of Baie; for here the flower of Rome gathered and poured out their wealth for all that could be procured for epicurean enjoyment. Nor did the medicinal baths stop here; for the waters of the Rhenish country, the "Baths of Hercules," near Mahadia, in Siebenbürgen; Bagnères, in the Pyrenees, and nearer home the ruins of old Roman *thermae*, at Bath, England, prove how thoroughly incorporated into their lives was the necessity of their ablutions. Even in the centre of populous London, in the Strand, lies, at the present day, the last noble remnant of an old Roman bath.

Centuries have passed and gone, and the Roman eagles have vanished in the cloud of barbarism that overspread all Europe; that, in its turn, has given place to a new era for the world, and nations have arisen and lived their life and fallen into decay under the light of Christianity; but, after all, does it not sometimes seem as though modern civilization had yet much to learn from the page of history? and that a closer study and adaptations of ancient customs in many instances might exert a powerful influence upon the advance of humanity on that infinite ladder of possibilities that stretches out before it, especially when it may be combined with all that modern ingenuity and science have newly achieved.

Little does it become us of modern times to jeer at or condemn nations who were so very far in advance of us in many of the personal amenities of social and domestic life; but rather should we incorporate with ourselves all that is good and great in these ancestral civilizations.



A PRINCE.

THE CAVALIERS.

BY HENRY STARK.

THE Civil War of the Stuart swept England like a cyclone, driving all before it and engulfing in one common ruin King and Common, Cavalier and Roundhead, alike.

The weak and vacillating policy of Charles I, the "King of the Cavaliers," as he was known by his opponents, and the "Martyr King," in the eyes of his own adherents, had forced him into an attitude of defense, and the raising of the standard at Nottingham called from far and wide those who were still faithful to their King; though whether this implied, at that particular juncture, a loyalty to their country and themselves remains an open question.

From over the seas came flocking to the standard of Charles those soldiers of fortune—the most part gentlemen by birth—who, despairing of honor in the service of their own country, had scattered over Continental Europe, offering their valor and their swords to foreign powers and fighting under other flags, to the shame of England, their mother-land. From Spain came Englishmen bronzed by a southern sun and with its fire in their veins, and France returned to England many a brave heart and stalwart hand that had been trained in her schools and armies. Not only, however, did Charles Stuart absorb the foreign element in his troops, but of the English themselves writes Warburton: "Old armor came down from a thousand old walls and clanked upon the anvils of every smithy. 'Boots and saddle' were the order of the day and night; horses rose in price, and every buff coat and piece of steel that could turn or deal a blow became of value; even the 'long-bow,' the 'brown-bill,' and the crossbow resumed their almost forgotten use; rude spears and common staves and Danish clubs assumed the rank of weapons; and, under the pressure of the times, the people of England gradually separated and finally crystallized into two great parties, represented, on the one hand, by the stern and psalm-chanting Roundhead, with his close-cut hair and sombre vestment, and, on the other, by the gay, insouciant Cavalier, with his 'love locks' and rich costume. But there never was a truer saying than 'Under a smile lurks a sigh,' and beneath the blitheness and elasticity of the Cavaliers ached many a heart that sighed for home and family, left unprotected for 'God and the King.'"

A curious contrast comes to the mental vision in these opposing parties, when it is remembered that they sprung from one common English stock; fathers facing their sons on the battlefield, and brothers' hands against brother, in the unmitigated horrors of civil war.

The Cavalier, whose long, flowing locks, pointed beard, and moustache were overshadowed by a broad, plumed hat, from under which flowed one long tress in particular, the hated "love-lock" of the Puritans, down on the curiously rich lace collar that spread a broad expanse over the buff coat or bright cuirass; a scarf embroidered by some loved hand was sashed across the breast, and the fringed trousers, descending below the knee, were merged in wartime with the large cavalry boots, finished by heavy spurs. Over the shoulder hung an ornamental belt and supported a straight and narrow sword with a basket hilt, and which, with one or two of the rude pistols of the day, completed the costume.

Opposite to this picture of desperate valor and gay equipments frowns the portrait of the Puritan or Roundhead, with elongated face and eyes in which burned a glowing fanaticism, suiting well the death-dealing words of their nasal chants; their black small-clothes, fitting closely at the knees, and their scant doublet buttoned tightly, no trace of linen being seen, save a scarcely visible collar, such as the Roman Catholic priests wear at the present day; a steeple hat, devoid of ornament, crowned their gloomy visages; their close-cropped hair showed their recoil from the despised "love-lock" of their opponents, and making of the opprobrious epithet, "Roundhead," a most appropriate designation.

The word "Roundhead" is said to have arisen in a curious manner. There was in London one Thomas Barnardiston, a prominent leader of the rabble, who, during a tumult near the palace of White Hall, was rendered conspicuous by his tall stature and closely cropped head. The Queen, attracted by the noise, looked from her window, and, observing the young man in his quaint garb, exclaimed: "What a handsome young Roundhead!" which, as uttered by the Queen, became a favorite appellation among her attendants and passed down into history.

The term "Cavalier" appeared to have no especial origin attached to it beyond that accorded through all time and in all countries—that of a mounted horseman or gentleman—but at this especial time was applied exclusively to the adherents of King Charles.

Of course, it must be remembered that many of these Cavaliers were what almost might be termed denaturalized Englishmen, had it been a possible thing for a subject of Great Britain to lose his birthright, and they had brought back with them to their native island the manners and costumes which were individualized by the foreign lands that had offered to them an asylum; so that many modifications in dress may be noted in them, and, indeed, so fluctuating were their fortunes, that such a state of affairs was the one most natural to their situation.

Stanch and loyal to their sovereign even in his ignoble end, laying down their lives freely and fearlessly in his service, and laughing on the battle-field in the grim face of Death, with desperate courage they dash across the page of history, with their love-locks and laces, fit for a lady's robe, their jingling spurs and floating plumes, full to repletion on the one day and fainting with hunger on the next, with a sigh in their hearts and a laugh on their lips, they vanish from our sight in the lurid smoke of the battlefields of Naseby and Marston Moor, with the words of the old song ringing from their lips and dying on our ears in lengthened cadences:

"Then spur and sword was the
battle-word, and we made their
helmets ring,
Shouting like madmen all the while
'For God and for the King!'
And though they snuffed psalms,
to give the rebel dogs their
due,
When the pouring shot poured
thick and hot, they were stal-
wart men and true."



A SPANISH CAVALIER.

HEROES AND HEROINES.

BY LEIGH NORTH.

"I WANT a hero," says the poet—an uncommon want when every year and month sends forth a new one. The novel, the magazine, the daily paper even, are in constant process of such production, like a large factory, which, running at full time, is turning out its reams of paper and its yards of cloth. And, like the reams and the yards, the types repeat themselves again and again, a feeble reproduction of some stronger predecessor.

The world of men and women is a busy one. Save with the student, reading is hasty and undigested. The last novel is hastily skimmed, its images to be obliterated or confused with the characters in a vicious translation from the French, running its long course in brief sections in the daily paper.

Now and then an actual man or woman seems to live in the printed page. A certain analogy to some well-known companion strikes the reader, or a sudden sense of congeniality wakes within him a sympathetic drawing, and henceforth for him there lives another being, invisible, intangible, yet a denizen of his thoughts, an influence possibly in his life, and a real, though shadowy, form among the world of men.

Life is less simple than in the olden days, its machinery more complex, its processes of thought more subtle. The hero or heroine of modern times is a different being from that of a hundred years ago. Then the hero's externals chiefly occupied the attention. He was young; he was brave; he was handsome. He fought and bled if so be there was occasion and opportunity. He ate, he drank, he sang, he talked loudly and boldly. He carried off his lady-love by main force, if needs be, and he loved her because she was lovable and "sweet sixteen" and had bright eyes and rosy lips, and he sealed his troth with a sounding kiss.

A woman with few physical attractions and who was nearly his equal in years, to say nothing of being his senior, had no charms for him; he would as soon have thought of falling in love with his grandmother. Introspection was beyond him, and he knew analytically as little of the construction of his mind and heart as if it were a sealed casket. He stands out a clear picture against the background of the years.

The modern hero is by no means necessarily handsome; a cast in his eye or a slight lameness but adds individuality to his portrait. A vein of weakness runs through his character, and he will be at once inconsistent, analytical, and introspective. The writer spends his utmost skill in depicting minutely the inner man, and, as on the point of a dissecting-knife, lifts and holds up to view each complex thought and feeling. This is true of the hero; how much more is it of the heroine!

•A dainty and pleasing picture is the heroine of the olden time. One loves to look into her clear and artless eyes, to watch the droop of their lids, to note the rosy blush stealing from neck to brow, to smile at her innocent coquetties. Her face is a mirror of her thoughts; her words serve to convey, not to hide, her meanings.

But it is a more piquant, if a more sophisticated, woman that the writer of to-day delights to place before his readers. His young and beautiful girl has at least less simplicity than her sister who preceded her, and if she wins the hero's heart, it is caught in the rebound, or he returns to her penitent, after straying far afield. But she is not the real heroine, the central figure; she is but a pleasing adjunct, a simple entrée, a side dish which seems a trifle tasteless after more highly seasoned viands.

Howells, James, Boyesen, Walford, and a host of others with skillful pencil have drawn for us this modern heroine; even Mrs. Oliphant follows in their train. What a contrast between "Innocent" and "Madame!" Some of Howells's women have more of the old-time characteristics, but even he has his complex favorites.

It is an exploded idea that a woman's beauty and charm is a thing of the past at thirty, or even at forty; that her heart is dead and withered and that all sentiment and freshness have evaporated. Her heart is as warm, often, if her head is cooler, in the twenties and thirties, as in her teens. The years have but added roundness to the lines of her figure, a faint perfume seems to exhale around her, and no adornment of the toilette is unwittingly or unskillfully used. Her charms of mind are even greater than of person; her wit is keen, her irony cutting, but she can be tender, enchanting as well; she is never at fault; she under-

stands herself; she understands the man with whom she is dealing. What wonder if, in spite of younger, fresher faces, he lingers beside her and is loth to tear himself away.

Such, in general outline, is the modern hero-

ine; and, as we turn away from contemplating her to other subjects once more, there seems to look out upon us the charming face of "The Baby's Grandmother," and we wonder who will be her rival a hundred years hence.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

THE woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;

The street was wet with the winter's snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid a throng

Of human beings, who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school let out,

Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offering a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir

Lest the carriage-wheels or horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop,
The gayest laddie of all the group.

He paused beside her, and whispered low:
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong, young arm
She placed, and, without hurt or harm,

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's old and poor and slow;

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,

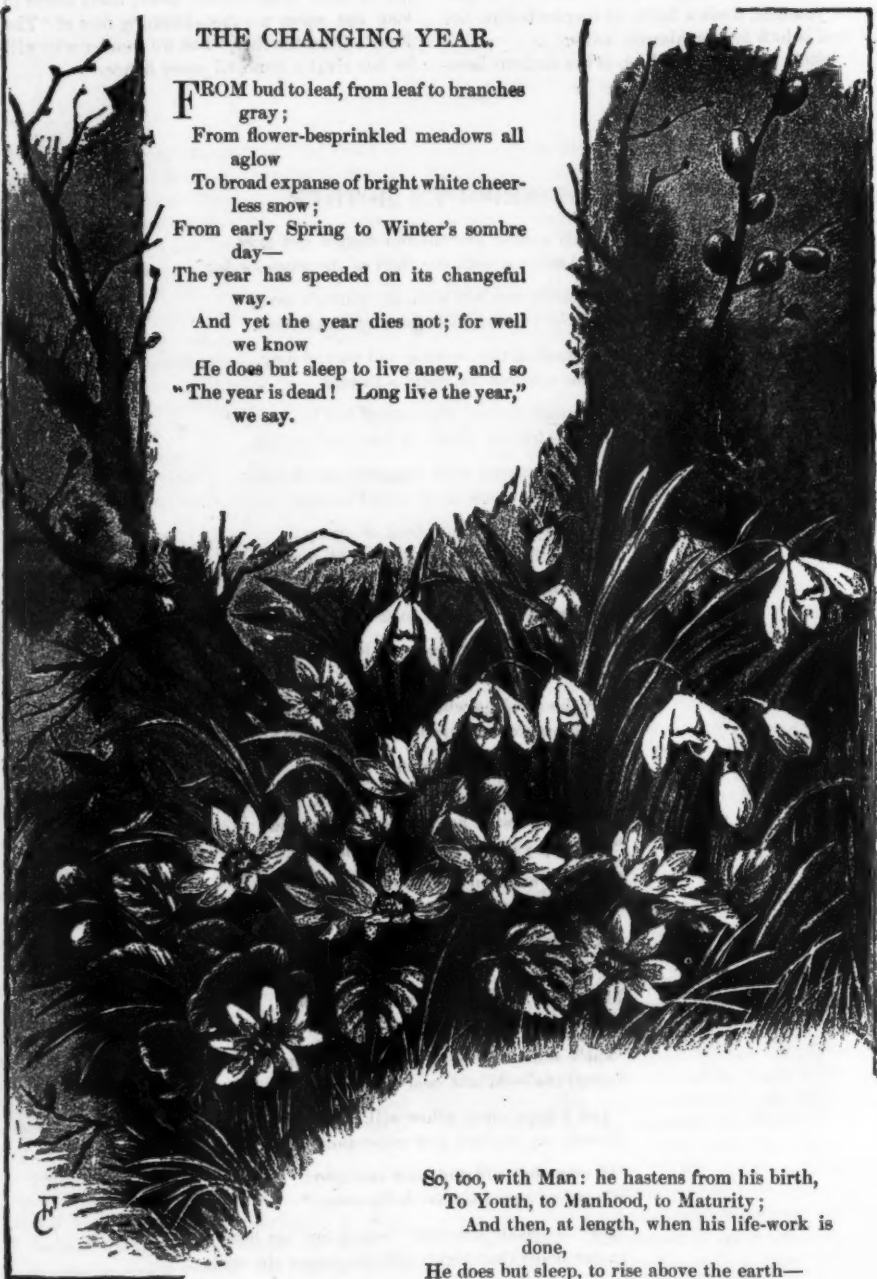
"If ever she's old and poor and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said

Was: "God be kind to the noble boy
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy!"

THE CHANGING YEAR.

FROM bud to leaf, from leaf to branches
gray;
From flower-besprinkled meadows all
aglow
To broad expanse of bright white cheer-
less snow;
From early Spring to Winter's sombre
day—
The year has speeded on its change-
ful way.
And yet the year dies not; for well
we know
He does but sleep to live anew, and so
"The year is dead! Long live the year,"
we say.



So, too, with Man: he hastens from his birth,
To Youth, to Manhood, to Maturity;
And then, at length, when his life-work is
done,
He does but sleep, to rise above the earth—
To wake anew the Father's face to see,
In changeless realms of never-ending sun.



THE CHILD AND THE YEAR.

SAID the Child to the youthful Year:
"What hast thou in store for me,
O giver of beautiful gifts! what cheer,
What joy dost thou bring with thee?"

"My seasons four shall bring
Their treasures: the winter's snows,
The autumn's store, and the flowers of spring,
And the summer's perfect rose."

CELIA THAXTER, in *St. Nicholas*.

GRANDMA DREW.

By M. ARTHUR.

GRANDMA DREW, besides being a grandmother to many by relationship, was, from her widespread kindness to everybody and everything, also by courtesy grandma to many more. Grandma, as was her custom, was sitting by her window *early* this spring morning, watching the sun climb high enough to peep into the chambers of later risers to make them uneasy in their sleep, and finally to rouse them to the fact that a new day was beginning to break on them. She was noticing the dew-laden leaves—wet, so wet—waiting for their share of warmth and light from the sun. She noted a poor family opposite waking to life and labor. She wished



"I HAVE GROWN SO HELPLESS."

she was strong and active once more, so that she might help the poor, sickly little woman with her two big babies and enough work to make a strong man wilt under the load.

"I have grown so helpless, so useless, that I wonder the Lord leaves me here to cumber the earth any more," thought Grandma Drew, with a sigh; "I only need attention and care, for which I can make no return. I wish the time had come to take such a useless person to rest."

Then she suddenly sat up with a smile on her sweet old face and looked more cheerful, for she knew some one was coming in, and if she could

do nothing to help in this great, busy world, she would, at any rate, cast no cloud over those who might.

As the day went on, and the family became active, many heads peeped in the door with a greeting, "Good-morning, Grandma," and the hearty, cheerful response she gave sent away the comers with some reflected sunshine from the dear, bright old face and the kindly voice, which had helped them through many tasks that might else have proved wearisome and long.

Then Grandma settled to her knitting.

"Thank the good Lord, I can still use my hands. I must try to make something pretty for Clare's new home." And at that minute there was Clare herself at the door—not the blithe, happy, smiling girl of yesterday, but one on whose young shoulders a world of woe seemed to be fastened.

"Grandma," said Clare, in a low, desponding voice, "may I come in?"

"Of course you may come in, my dearie, and just as welcome will you be as birds in spring-time."

"But—but—I don't like to bring trouble to you, Grandma, dear, but I can't keep it all to myself."

"My darling, what is the matter?" said Grandma, in a low, soothing voice; and she took Clare's hand.

"O Grandma! I am just the most unhappy girl in all the world," sighed Clare.

"Why, you dear child! and only yesterday you told me that this part of the earth did not contain one half so happy as yourself."

"But that was yesterday," says Clare, wearily; "then I felt so sure Tom loved me, but he don't; he is tired of me—he is very tired of me."

"To begin with," says Grandma, very quietly, but positively, "I feel sure that is a great mistake."

"I wish I was as sure," says Clare, sobbing as if her heart would break; "but it is no mistake, Grandma; it is just a hard, ugly, stubborn fact."

"Now, look up at me, Clare; let me see your face; you thought all was right when you and Tom were up here yesterday afternoon?"

"Oh! yes, I did then, and I was so—so happy," sighs Clare.

"Then tell me, dear, clearly, where did you find the 'little rift' that is spoiling all your music?"

"I will!" says Clare, bracing herself up to tell the uncomfortable facts. "You see, I was very anxious to go to Minnie's last night—not that I was so eager to see Minnie, but it is such a nice, long walk to her house, and I was thinking what a delicious chance it was for a good chat with Tom. Well! I proposed it, never thinking he would not be delighted to go, and—and do you know, Tom wouldn't go—just wouldn't?"

"Did he say, 'I won't'?" asked Grandma.

"No," said Clare, "worse than that—much, much worse."

"Well, let me judge, dear, for it will take a great deal to make me change my opinion of your good Tom."

"He is not mine, and I don't believe he is so very good, either," sobbed Clare. "This is what he did: first he was going to say something, and then he got red and stopped; then he said he thought it might rain, and then in a minute he added that he hadn't time."

"And what did you do, Clare?"

"Do? Grandma. What could I do but get angry—ever so angry? No time! What a reason to give me! and as for rain, it *wasn't* going to rain!"

"And Tom, dear, what did he say?"

"He tried to make it smooth, and said he had something to tell me, but I was too proud to listen to any more miserable excuses. I said, 'if he had no time to go with me, I had none to listen to stupid stories.' I said *stupid*, Grandma, and I meant it, and I left the room and banged the door, to hide how very wretched I was, for don't you see plainly, clearly, he is getting tired of me, if he has learned to make so much better use of his evenings?"

"No, I don't quite see it," said Grandma, and she smiled.

"Oh! don't laugh at my sorrow," said Clare, indignantly; "I did not believe that of you, Grandma."

Grandma smiled again and said:

"Shall I tell you what I am smiling about?"

"Yes," answered Clare, "but it won't make me smile. I think I shall never smile again."

"Oh! yes, you will," says Grandma, "and just as soon as you hear what I have to tell you."

Clare looked incredulous. "But go on," she said.

"Do you know where Tom spent last evening? Come here, and I will show you," said Grandma, pointing to the little house opposite; "he spent it there, rocking one baby in the cradle and amusing the other with a picture-book. I saw him as I sat here, and I wondered at his patience and goodness; don't you



"CLARE BURIES HER SUNNY HEAD IN GRANDMA'S LAP."

suppose it was something of a sacrifice to him?"

"O Grandma!" says Clare, lost in astonishment, "you don't mean it?"

"Yes, I do; and he went there to let the poor, sick little mother get a breath of fresh air with her husband while he played nurse."

Tears glistened in Clare's eyes as she exclaimed: "Why didn't that angel tell me where he was going?"

"Because," said Grandma, "you wouldn't let him; yesterday afternoon he said something about necessary charity, and you replied in

some remarks about 'mawkish hypocrisy' that evidently hurt him, and when he tried to speak again last night some one banged the door."

Clare buries her sunny head in Grandma's lap and murmurs:

"If it had not been for my wicked, unfeeling

when Willy thrust his curly head in at the door.

"O Grandma! I have something I *must* tell some one. I shall die if I don't."

"Well, come in, my boy," said Grandma, cheerfully, "and tell it to me."



"COME CLOSE TO ME."

behavior, I believe I would die of happiness."

Grandma Drew smiled often to herself that day when she heard Clare singing; it seemed so good to be able to turn tears into songs—if she could do little else.

She was just turning the heel in her stocking

"But it's something so bad, and I did it," says doleful Willie.

"Very, very bad?" asks Grandma.

"Yes, it was," said Willie, coming in softly and closing the door. "Some of the worst boys in the school got up the plan, and I knew they were bad boys, too; mother had told me

not to make companions of them; yet I let them draw me in; they said it was *such fun*!"

"Come closer to me; tell me all about it," said Grandma Drew.

"The boys called it 'hazing,' and said that young men in colleges always did it, and when I first heard it I thought it was funny, but I don't now. I am sure it was cruel."

"But I don't know—" said Grandma.

"Oh! no. It was Max Holstene. They said, 'He is just a Dutch fellow, and we will duck him in American waters to naturalize him,' and they laughed so."

"Did you do it, dear?" asked Grandma.

"Yes, we caught him and ran him down to the pond, and said we would keep him in the water till he asked for mercy; and he was too proud and wouldn't, till we got scared to see how white he was and how he shivered, and, Grandma, he is too sick to be in school to-day, and oh! suppose he should die," and Willie looked pale and troubled.

"It is sad, my boy; I did not think my Willie could do such a thing;" and the sweet old face had a look of grief which Willie long remembered. "But you are sorry enough now, I am sure, and you can only do all in your power to make atonement. I hope he is not so very ill. You must go to his house and see if there is no way to do something for him. Beg his pardon and his mother's, and ask them to let you show how sorry you are; perhaps he may need some companionship while he is not able to play as usual. I know they are poor and not able to command much service, so he may be left quite alone, or you may be able to do some errands that Max is used to do on Saturdays."

"O Grandma! if I only can I will be so glad," said Willie; "I will go at once," and he did.

Max was able to sit up and be amused; and all that long, bright holiday Willie spent waiting on the boy he had injured; and in days that came after they were friends and forgot the trouble that brought them first together.

But at the end of this day Willie ran up, bright and glad, to say:

"Max is so much better, and you are just a brick. I never would have gone there but for you. Grandma, what would we all do without you?"

Again a step came on the stairs, and Grandma's daughter, Mary, appeared, tired and sad.

"I have come up, mother, to try to get a minute's rest, for I am just worn out, mind and body."

"Why, what is the matter, Mary?"

"Oh! men are such dreadfully selfish, inconsiderate creatures," burst out Mary, without any preamble.

"All but Robert," smiles Grandma.

"It was just Robert I was thinking of," tired Mary says; "you see, mother, he knows it's washing day, or he ought to—I tell him often enough—and he knows I was up with baby last night and am so worn out, and he knows cook's temper, too; and, in spite of all, he has sent a



"IT WAS JUST ROBERT I WAS THINKING OF."

cheerful note (*cheerful*, mother) to say he will bring home two friends to supper. What am I to do? all *last week's* stockings were in my lap when that cheerful note came."

"I am glad that is all," says Grandma, softly. "Why, Mary, don't fret away your strength; keep it to welcome Robert's friends; he has so few and he works so hard, my dear."

"I know it; but O mother! he might have selected a better time; cook will be in such a state at extra work on Monday afternoon."

"Why need cook have so much extra work?" asks Grandma.

"Why, I can't treat Robert's friends to our usual Monday supper. I am a better wife than *that*."

"But Robert would prefer a smiling hos-

tess to a table loaded with dainties, I am quite sure."

After a pause Mary said:

"I will try to give him both, but I am tired, mother."

"Let me see if I can help to mend matters; to begin, I can darn the stockings while you take a little nap."



"HER WORK WAS NOT YET FINISHED."

"Oh! but I haven't time for it."

"Listen, and let us see if we can't manage it. Ask Clare to set the table with the best china you have; with her taste and a few flowers it will look like a holiday feast. Let Willie pick strawberries from the garden, and with good

cream these friends of Robert's will forget to be critical. I can make some salad dressing here, and after you have had that nap you can give you whole mind to preparing one nice, hot, delicate dish. Cook will be so pleased at her small portion, she will be sure to have the rolls and coffee as perfect as she can."

"O mother! thank you; what would I do without you?" exclaimed Mary, as she rose to go, comforted.

As Grandma Drew was thinking of "drawing the drapery of her couch" about her that night, Willie rushed in with, "Grandma, I do love you," and a hearty kiss. A little later Clare stopped in, hat and cloak on, to take that walk with Tom. She drew the old face down, and whispered, softly, "Indeed, I am a happy girl, and it is all your doing, Grandma." Quite late Mary came, her face all radiant. "Just one minute, mother, to tell you how delighted Robert was. He said the supper was

delicious, and my smiling face as young as Clare's. You good mother—to make me look so."

And Grandma Drew, as she closed her eyes, prayed a silent prayer to the Lord to let her live yet a little longer, for she had found out that all her work was not yet finished.

A STORY WITHOUT AN END.

By S. H. W.

SLOWLY she laid the iron-rimmed spectacles on the bare table, and still holding the letter, stretched her arm uncertainly forward, until her hand rested upon the edge of the saucer.

Pausing in my restless walk at the gate of Barbara Miller's cottage, and thinking to enjoy a chat with the sturdy, heart-broken, but enduring old woman, I lifted the latch of the white gate, and walked up the narrow path.

As my hand was raised to rap upon the door, my attention was drawn to the picture made by the mistress of the house as she stood within, the only occupant of the room.

One cup, with its accompanying saucer and spoon, was already on the deal table, and Barbara held its mate in her hand; while her rugged face, furrowed with care, was filled with perplexed thought. Suddenly she stepped toward the table, but with seeming indecision,

drew back and replaced the cup and saucer upon the yellow dresser.

Again she turned as one in haste, and disappearing in the gloom, returned in a moment with a letter, taken, I felt sure, from the old chest of drawers which stood in the corner of the room. Drawing a chair in front of the stove, she slowly opened the paper, and spreading it out in the firelight, leaned slightly forward as though reading. Though the light was insufficient, she read rapidly, showing the letter was not a new one.

Folding and unfolding the letter aimlessly, she gazed earnestly into the fire as though she expected to find the answer to her puzzle; then, quickly rising, she returned to the "dresser," and once more taking from it the cup and saucer, placed them beside the teapot upon the table, then, falling into deep thought, stood like a statue, still holding the open letter.

Gently opening the door, I entered, and with a quiet "Good-evening, Barbara," took the vacant chair in front of the fire.

After a moment she came and sat opposite, and for a little time there was silence between us, then Barbara spoke:

"You know of my disgrace, sir, but not of all my sorrow. Let me tell you my story to-night, for if I do not speak to some one, I fear my heart will break."

I did not attempt any stereotyped form of consolation. I knew enough of her sad history to feel certain such words as I could speak would be little consolation to this sore heart.

"Long before Master Richard had 'The Mills,' I lived with his mother at 'The House.' She may have spoiled me; likely she did, for I never lived among the other servants, and while in the mistress' service I kept to myself. When I was married to Reuben, both the master and mistress were present, and they gave me this house and furniture. Then my Gussie was born, and Miss Gussie herself named her. She gave the little christening robe and 'stood for her,' and almost every day word would come from 'The House' to send them little Gussie. They gave her many presents, and sometimes had her at the table to amuse them with her baby prattle. But just as she began to learn pretty manners from the ladies, the mistress took the young ladies and went abroad, where they stayed some years. Oh! that they had stayed at home, for the mistress might have taught me better how to train my little one! It may not have been good for me to have all this notice taken of me and my baby, for I could not gossip with my neighbors, or run in and out their houses, and soon they disliked me and called me proud. But Gussie

must have company, and punish her as I might, she would manage to play with the neighbors' children. If I'd miss her, I could be sure she was under the big chestnut tree in the meadow, surrounded by little ones, all listening in wonder while Gussie told them of the carpets and pictures and silver and flowers up at 'The House.'

"Time went on, sir, until she was seventeen, and as bright and pretty a girl as you'd wish to see. Then came my first great trial. She would work in 'The Mills.' Very soon she said the walk backward and forward was too long, so she took her dinner and supper at a house near the mills, and often would stay 'the evening' with her new friends and companions. To be sure, she was willful, but then she was young, and I thought when the newness wore off she would be all right again. Every night I waited for her home-coming, no matter how late the hour, and I'd have a cup and saucer for us each ready on the table, and I kept the fire bright and the kettle singing, with always a drawing of tea in the pot all ready for a greeting. Gussie said she could see the firelight long before she reached the gate. Each night as we sat here in front of the fire, with the saucers in our hands, stirring and sipping our tea, Gussie would tell me the most wonderful stories she had read or heard of the great world outside our little village, and they all ended in the same way: 'And they all lived happy forever after!' Then she would tell me of the beautiful dresses she would buy for her and me, if she was only rich!

"At last, one night after she had been at 'The Mill' for about a year, I waited long after the latest hour she had ever come home, but all in vain. Thinking she might have stopped 'the night' with a friend, I put away the cups and saucers—I could not drink my tea without Gussie—and went with a heavy heart to bed.

"Next morning a boy brought this letter. I can repeat it to you, sir, word for word:

"DEAR MOTHER:—I am going away for a little while, but I'll soon come for you, and we will be rich and happy together. I'll come some night, just in time for our cup of tea. With love,
YOUR GUSSIE."

"You know the rest! I am disgraced! I'm pointed at! I was too good for my neighbors, and now the humblest may scorn or pity me; the last is as hard to bear as the first. I'm all alone.

"Each night for all these years I've put the drawing of tea in the pot and set the cups on the table and poured the cream in the bottom

of each. The fire I've had bright and the kettle
singing, waiting, waiting for Gussie's home-

With a whispered—"God help thee, Bar-
bara," over the gray head bent low in anguish,



"HER HAND RESTED UPON THE EDGE OF THE SAUCER."

coming, but she never comes. Her story has no
end!"

I left the house, and closed the door quietly, as
if leaving the presence of death.

A WOMAN'S LIFE IN THE WESTERN WILDS.

By ISADORE ROGERS,

Author of "*Lester's Wife*."

CHAPTER I.

"**BELLE?**"

There was a deep earnestness, amounting even to pathos, in the voice that uttered the name, and the listener, a fair young girl of nineteen summers, started tremulously as she whispered, with a frightened look:

"Why, Willis, how came you here?"

She had stepped out in the moonlight from the parlor of one of those grand old farmhouses in the vicinity of every Eastern city and stood leaning against the balcony and gazed dreamily into the starlit sky. There was a sound of merry voices within; brothers and sisters, with half a dozen companions, were gathered in the pleasant parlor, dancing and singing, but she, of all the throng, was ill at ease.

It might have been the magnetism of the presence outside the sheltering walls that drew her with a potent power from the happy group within, but, scarcely knowing why, she had withdrawn from their midst, all unconscious of the fact that eager eyes were watching for her coming.

A tall and strikingly handsome young man advanced from the shade of the silver maples, and, laying a hand upon the rounded arm, he drew her out of the clear moonlight to the sheltering shadows beyond.

"O Willis! how dared you?" she whispered, as they paused within full hearing of the merriment within.

"How dared I? O Belle! I heard you singing, and lured by that voice there is no barrier that I would not attempt, no fortification that I would not storm, to place myself beside you," he answered, with a pathetic tremor in his tones expressing the deep feeling with which the words were spoken.

"But, Willis, you have erred in coming here; harm may result from it, and when father refuses his consent, what can I do? There is no logic in the belief that an undutiful daughter would make a dutiful wife."

"O Belle!" he said, with all the touching tenderness of a strong man's devotion, "do we owe nothing to ourselves? Home-building and home-sharing will go on as long as the world stands, and lightly to cast aside this great moral obligation and Heaven-born blessing were quite as wicked and inexcusable as disregard of parental authority, and, Belle, you have often told

me that there is no other in all this wide world whose home you would share and help to build as you would mine," he continued, clasping the small and shapely hand as if he would relinquish it only with his life.

"O Willis! don't," she said, pleadingly; "I will never be the wife of any other; but you must not stay here; it is unwise in you to provoke father, or to incur the anger of my brothers in coming here. Leave me now, for I must return before I am missed, and let us patiently wait until the clouds pass away."

"No," he answered, firmly, "rather let us try to dispel them than to wait until they deepen and darken, until no ray of sunlight can pierce their gloom. I am going away to-morrow, to be gone for a week; promise before I go that you will meet me here, at this hour, upon my return."

"O Willis! I dare not. You have risked too much already," she said, tremulously.

"Then I will go boldly into the house, confront your father with the fact that you are of a lawful age, and claim you as my promised wife," he said, firmly.

"No, Willis, you must not be rash and unreasonable. You are exposing yourself to greater danger than you are aware. Not for the world would I provoke an encounter between you and my father and brothers. Hark! they are already calling me. Go quickly before you are discovered."

His clasp tightened upon her hand, as if to retain her in defiance of all power to take her from him.

"I will promise to meet you; but go, you must not stay," she said, excitedly.

"Good-bye, then, since you wish it," and, with a hasty caress, he was gone, leaving her, trembling and agitated, to return to the house. She entered from a different direction, and, mingling with the light-hearted group within, she tried to appear calm, and joined in the song for which they were calling her. Attracted by the melody of their voices, the parents, who until the present time had left the young people to themselves, joined the group, and, ever watchful where his home treasures were concerned, the father could see that Belle was not as bright as the rest, and tried by assumed gayety to conceal some secret trouble that depressed her spirits.

The utter lack of mirthfulness with which she joined light-hearted friends about her irri-

tated and perplexed the father, and after a short time he withdrew from the room, the better to collect his thoughts.

"It is strange," he muttered, as he stood gazing moodily out upon the starlit skies—"strange indeed that my whole life should be cursed by some member of that family. First, his father came near winning from me the only woman in the whole world whom I cared to win, and only her better judgment triumphed at last, and she turned resolutely from him, unwilling to risk her future with one whose past life gave little promise of well-doing in time to come. And she has been faithful, kind, and true to me, never failing in wifely duty, never giving me slightest cause for complaint, but somehow his memory always seemed to come between us like some unwelcome presence, imaginary, it may have been, but still real enough to me. And now his son must come to cast the same shadow over my daughter's life. He shall never claim her, *never!* but these love-matters seem to cling so tenaciously to some women's hearts that even after the cause is banished forever the poison seems to remain, to the exclusion of perfect love for another. And how I pity the wife of him who came so near winning mine. She was a beautiful girl, who trusted in his promises to do better, but an anxious-looking, faded woman now, forever tortured by the fear that husband or son may be out in some doubtful company where wine flows freely; for who can feel secure when those nearest and dearest are in perpetual danger from their own wild and reckless habits? No, no, Willis Blake! you shall never make my daughter the world-weary woman that your mother is! You may dim her eyes with tears for awhile, but change of scene, with new surroundings and new acquaintances, may efface your memory; and next week I will start for the green hills of my native State, taking her away from the subtle charm of your presence, and once beyond your influence, the constant companionship of a better man may help to alienate her affections from so unworthy an object. How I would thank all the sacred powers if she should return the promised bride of Arthur Wendall! Such things have been, and were her nature less constant I should have full faith in my plan. 'Tis worth the trial, at any rate, and I will lose no time in carrying it into effect."

Having decided on what seemed a satisfactory course of action, the father retired, better pleased with future prospects than he had been before for months.

As the reader already understands, Willis Blake was the son of a reckless father; but with more than ordinary ability, the young man

might have been an honor to himself and family had he been disposed to direct his talents in some proper channel; but he lacked that perseverance and continuity necessary to insure success in any undertaking. His parents (as did those of Belle Morgan) owned a fine farm in such close proximity to the city that the children had enjoyed all the educational privileges of those living within the incorporation; but while the steady habits and careful watchfulness of Mr. Morgan, supported by his own good example, had made his sons unexceptional young men, upon the principle that "like seeks like," as did his father before him, Willis Blake found his way into the society of those who were of no benefit to him, and to the nights of anxious watching for a somewhat dissolute husband was added the still greater apprehension for a wayward son; so that it was no wonder that Mr. Morgan called Mrs. Blake a world-weary woman.

The children of the farmers had been school-mates, and the natural sympathy existing between Belle Morgan and Willis Blake had strengthened with the years, in spite of the fact that the boy had always been an object of dislike to her father. This antipathy had kept the young man from being a frequent visitor at Mr. Morgan's house, but the affection of the young people was fostered and cherished in spite of this obstacle, until the father was astounded by a formal demand for the young lady's hand.

This was met by a most prompt and decided refusal, as well as an explanation of the reasons for so doing.

The young man possessed quite as much spirit and temper as the older one, and, deeming the accusations entirely uncalled for, words had passed between them, in which Willis had been forbidden ever again to cross the threshold.

Maddened by the treatment which he had received, the young man made a solemn vow never to relinquish his efforts until his wishes were attained.

Although the young lady would not openly defy her parents, the young people met often in society. Hasty caresses and whispered words of endearment only served to cement the attachment already formed.

But the lover plead in vain for an early consummation of his wishes, for although freely promising never to wed any one else, respect and affection for her parents prevented her from becoming his wife in defiance to their authority.

The thriftless habits of his father had encumbered his property to such an extent that he knew that no very adequate sum could be given him with which to begin life upon this new basis, but the "boundless West" still held

inducements to the active, daring, and energetic who had courage to brave its hardships and endure its privations.

He had told her that he was going away for a short time, but he had not stated that it was to meet a party of young men, who were making arrangements to avail themselves of Uncle Sam's seemingly generous offer of one hundred and sixty acres to all who would settle upon them. His intentions were to meet her at the appointed time and use all his powers of persuasion to induce her to fly from the paternal roof and accompany him in this new venture in the beautiful West.

"Belle," asked Mr. Morgan, upon the following evening, when the family had assembled in the cheery sitting-room, "do you remember the pleasant days that you used to spend at your grandmother's home in Vermont?"

"I can never forget them," she answered, dreamily. "How like fairyland it seemed to wonder all day long amid those peaceful scenes, playing among the green trees with my cousins, hunting birds' nests along the stream, or gathering wild berries upon the hills."

"Would you like to visit the place again?" he asked, kindly.

"I certainly would," she answered, thinking how happy she could be with Willis, in the quiet seclusion of that rural home, nestling so lovingly among the flowering vines and fragrant flowers, and sheltered by the shadowy old trees planted by her grandsire's hands years ere she was born.

"Your wish shall be gratified," replied the father. "I am going to visit my mother in the home of my childhood, and your society will add greatly to my own enjoyment, not to speak of the delight which the dear old lady will feel upon beholding you again."

"I have many pleasant recollections of the place," she said, musingly, and preparations for the intended visit were soon commenced.

"Father," said John Morgan, Belle's stalwart brother, a few days afterward, "I have every reason to believe that Willis Blake is making arrangements to go West with a party now forming for that purpose; do you think it possible that he could persuade Belle to elope with him to that unsettled and uncivilized region?"

"Heaven only knows what such a man might do!" said the father, completely astounded by the unexpected question. "Why, John, he is as eloquent as Patrick Henry ever was: I have heard him speak at lyceums when, if it had been any other person, I could not have helped springing to my feet and applauding like a madman. Just give him a chance to bring his eloquence to bear, and he would convince a

trusting girl like her that that great, desolate, and barren region was Heaven's own shadow sprinkled with sunlight and flowers. I'll take the very next train, and put as many miles between them as railroad speed will compass before sundown," continued the father, excitedly.

"You will have only four hours in which to complete your arrangements," said the son. "It is now eleven o'clock, and the train is due at three."

"Time enough, when there is so much at stake," replied the father; and he surprised the family at the dinner-table by announcing his intention of taking the next train, stating that his departure had been hastened by unexpected business which could not be delayed.

"I fear that I shall be compelled to forego the pleasure of the visit, father, if you start so soon, for I am far from being in readiness," said the daughter, looking up in surprise.

"By no means, my dear child; half my enjoyment is already gone if you do not go; but surely your mother and sisters can help, so that a day or two can make but little real difference," said the father, decisively.

"Most assuredly we can," said both mother and sisters; "she certainly needs a change of scene, and no doubt this visit will accomplish wonders in banishing that listlessness and low-spiritedness with which she has been afflicted of late."

"And it is such a quiet, restful place," said the mother; "I sincerely hope that you will return with health tints upon your cheeks as bright as the glow of your grandmother's roses."

Resistance was useless, and this was the very night that she had promised to meet Willis under the silver maples!

She drank her coffee in silence, and went to her own room, whither she was quickly followed by mother and sisters, eager to do everything in their power to assist her; but there was not one moment in which to be alone and write a little explanatory note to Willis, and no one by whom to send it, even if it were written! She sank into a chair, with a countenance the very picture of distress and perplexity.

Poor Willis! he would think that she had purposely broken her promise, and learned to distrust and condemn him, as all the rest did. And she was quite sure that he was not half so bad as represented—no worse, in fact, than other young men, her brothers excepted, if all their follies and failings were exposed as his were; but, stung by her apparent neglect and desertion, he might leave the country, or some other barrier might separate them forever, and she might never have an opportunity of explaining her seeming faithlessness to him.

It was but little that she did for herself in the

hasty preparation that was going on, but busy, helpful hands were actively engaged in the work, and at length she heard her mother's voice, saying:

"Here is your traveling dress, dear; come, now, and I will help you to dress, so you may be all ready when your father comes."

In a state of helpless perplexity she obeyed, and ere the sun went down she was speeding away toward the green hills of Vermont, unconscious of the fact that her father intended to place three hundred miles between herself and lover, and leave her there in the hope that one more to his liking might win the place in her heart that had already been given to another.

Willis Blake had been successful. He was a member of the party about to seek their fortunes in the boundless West, and the means for defraying necessary expenses were at his disposal. He was returning in the hope that the prospect of a lengthy separation, aided by all his powers of persuasion, might induce Belle to fly with him and share his lot, whatever it might be; and with hope strong and fervent, with her to cheer him on, he could build a home in due time that would rival the one from which he meant to take her.

"Dear, beautiful Belle; it seems an age since last I saw her," he said, as he waited impatiently for twilight shades to deepen, that he might keep the secret tryst that she had promised. But the stars came out at last, and dark clouds slowly moving through the sky seemed anxious to lend their friendly shelter to aid his secret meeting. Promptly at the appointed hour he stood beneath the maples and waited for her coming. With fond, expectant heart, he watched every shadow that flitted past the lighted windows, and listened, every moment expecting to hear the sound of her light footsteps or to catch a glimpse of a girlish form hastening through the trees.

She was on the porch at last. He thought surely she was coming now; but no, it was only Bertha and Alice standing on the balcony watching the stars and tracing constellations in the sky. They went in, after a time, but still Belle did not appear.

"She will surely come when all the rest retire, for, with all my faults, she loves and trusts me still," he said, with undoubting faith in the promise that she had given to meet him under the shadow of the silver maples.

The lights went out at last, and still she did not come, but, with undoubting faith, he kept repeating:

"Let slanderous tongues say what they will,
My love believes and trusts me still."

But it was growing late; could she be ill?

He listened intently at every rustling sound, but he was growing apprehensive.

An upper window was thrown open and there was a sound of girlish voices:

"How lonely it seems since Belle has gone."

"Yes, and it will be weeks, or perhaps months, before she will be with us again."

Willis Blake leaned heavily against the trunk of the silver maple with a feeling of suffocation.

"Gone?" he repeated, "gone? and not one word for me?" A great sob heaved his heart convulsively and brimming tears gushed from his eyes.

CHAPTER II.

ALL of Willis Blake's bright visions of happiness were dispelled in an instant. What cared he for all the boundless prairie that rolled beyond the mighty Mississippi, if unshared by her? Only one short week before she had stood with him beneath that very tree, listening to his earnest pleadings and promising undying constancy to him through good and ill, but she had given no hint of this departure. Had she finally been prevailed upon to discard and fly from him forever? How long had she been gone? Did she go of her own free will, or had parental authority, amounting even to force, been brought into requisition to take her from him? If she had gone unwillingly, still loving and trusting him and sorrowing for his presence, he would explore the world to find her; but how was he to know? He turned slowly from the house from whence all light for him had fled, and walked away through the darkness with a feeling of utter loneliness and desolation at his heart.

He went moodily homeward and retired to his room, but, too nervous and excited to sleep, he sat down by an open window to ponder over the unpleasant turn which his affairs had taken.

"I cannot believe her false," he said, "and, if true, she will surely write; but in these days of deceit and treachery it were an easy matter to intercept her letters, especially if she trusts some instructed servant to mail them."

He rose early upon the following morning, and, going to the station, learned that she had gone with her father to some place in Vermont, just where the agent could not remember. He could obtain nothing more definite, and, weary, disheartened, and perplexed, he returned to his home.

The company would start in two weeks, and if she were true to him nothing should keep her from him; but if his follies and vices, which he inwardly cursed, had been so glaringly placed before her that her faith in him was so

shaken that she had been willing to be separated from him, it mattered little what became of him then. He would not stop upon the fertile prairie, but go on until he reached the mining districts of Colorado, and strive to forget among the rough and desperate men whom he should find there, ready to lead him to any excitement or dangerous adventure which he should desire, and if, perchance, he made some lucky strike, it would do his mother and sisters good, in any event.

But what if she had gone from him unwillingly and was breaking her faithful heart over the separation at that very moment?

And so, at one moment trusting and believing, the next perplexed and doubting, he watched and waited, day after day, for some assuring message from her, until hope finally gave way before continual disappointment.

When the train was fairly under way, leaving Willis Blake and all his belongings farther behind, Mr. Morgan looked upon his daughter, safe at his side, and breathed freely.

If there had been any plotting or planning between them it was most effectually frustrated now, and the perplexed and troubled expression of her countenance fairly justified the suspicion.

Onward they went through the peaceful vales, long since cultivated and improved to their utmost capability; through large cities bustling with life, too familiar to Eastern readers to need description, but to many of us as new and strange as our own wild prairies and rocky cañons would be to them. The father was jubilant and triumphant, the daughter depressed and silent.

Toward the close of the second day they stepped upon the platform at the end of their journey, and a young man, whom the father greeted most cordially, was there to receive them. Two miles drive along a pleasant thoroughfare and they arrived at the old family residence, so dear to those who had been reared within its walls.

The happy meeting, the loving welcome, the mother's joy at again beholding her son, and the girl whom ten years had changed from a laughing, romping child, to a modest and unassuming young lady, comprise a scene familiar to the heart of every reader, and memory will complete the picture.

Had she been permitted to have the intended interview with her lover, and thus avoided all misunderstanding, Belle could have been happy for a time, at least, among the scenes endeared by so many childhood's associations; but the blue eyes wore a settled look of quiet thoughtfulness, quite unlike the usual merriment of

careless youth, that was exceedingly irritating to the father, who could not bear to have her give a thought to him he deemed unworthy.

She was very kind and affectionate in her demeanor toward her grandmother, and tried to be interested in the conversation of Arthur Wendall, listening with well-bred courtesy, and even trying to be entertaining herself. But he was so unlike her Willis. Instead of the tall and commanding form, dark, passion-lit eyes, and raven hair of Willis Blake, she beheld a quiet, unassuming young man, with blue eyes and blonde mustache, refined, sensitive, and intelligent, just the kind of person for a brother or a cousin, but not for a lover, and in spite of his efforts to render her visit agreeable, and the grandmother's evident delight in her presence, she found herself counting the days that must elapse before her return.

"How much longer do you expect to remain, father?" she asked, one morning about a week after their arrival.

"I shall return in two or three days, but there will be no necessity for your going for several weeks to come, for so short a time will not effect the change for which you came, and I want to see the roses on your cheeks again when you come home; besides, your grandmother is very unwilling to part with you so soon," he said.

Poor girl! the roses bloomed upon her cheeks right there and then, but she answered:

"Why, father, mother expected me to come with you, and I would much rather return than remain so long from home, for it is indeed lonely without my brothers and sisters."

"What apology shall I make to your grandmother? I have already consented to your staying," he said; "but never mind, we will decide to-morrow. Did you know that Willis Blake was intending to start for the far West in the near future?" he asked, by way of changing the conversation.

Her face grew very pale as she answered, "I did not. When did you learn this?"

"Your brother John told me before we left home," he replied, "and for my part I am heartily glad if he will go where he will learn steady habits; his wife, whoever she may be, will undoubtedly be compelled to return to her parents for support, as did poor Mellie Lee, who eloped with that worthless, though handsome musician. How humiliating it must have been to her, after marrying him in defiance of her parents' wishes, to be compelled to return to them with her three children to be fed and clothed by them. And it is pitiful to see helpless little ones, who should be the joy and pride of both parents and grandparents, regarded as

if they had no real right to be, subjected to the doubtful authority of uncles, aunts, and grandparents alike, and frequently taunted with being 'just like their father?' Poor Mellie! I have seen her face flush most painfully when some one else volunteered to correct and punish her children. I tell you it becomes a girl to reflect most carefully before she marries a worthless fellow in opposition to the wishes of her parents," and Mr. Morgan left the room in answer to his mother, who was calling him to see the scar which he in a freak of boyish mischief had made with his jackknife upon the old pear tree in the yard.

Poor Belle! as soon as she found herself alone she went to her room, locked the door, and gave vent to her feelings, so long restrained, in silent tears.

Willis had appointed that meeting and exacted her promise that he might see and bid her good-bye before going, she thought, and she had been hurried away in spite of herself; and now he had gone, thinking very strangely of her for not keeping her promise. And Willis was rash, there was no denying that, and, stung by her seeming faithlessness, he might throw his life away in some desperate encounter among the mountain wilds. Come what would, she would be faithful to his memory ever. If she could only see and tell him so! She did not care to go home now; for she would be expected to be merry and light-hearted, as her sisters were, and wear a smiling face when her heart was aching so, but here there would be none of her old associates to mark the pallor of her cheeks or the depression of her spirits.

As her father had anticipated, when the subject was again brought up she announced her willingness to remain, jestingly remarking that she thought her grandmother prized her company more than any of her friends at home.

"I have at least spared her the pain of listening to the young vagabond's persuasions," thought the father, and he returned to his home, leaving her in the care and protection of those whom he was willing to trust.

Her father's words were not without their impression. If she should marry against the wishes of her parents she felt that it would be a total renouncement of all claim upon their love and protection forever; for she would die before she would go back to them confessing the unworthiness of the man of her choice and asking of them the support which he had failed to give her. She could not abandon her parents, but she would always be true to her lover's memory. Dear Willis! if she could only tell him that she loved and believed in him yet, instead of allowing him to go away

distrusting her. It was of no use to write, since he was gone; she had but to endure. And so the days wore on, growing sadder and lonelier with each receding sun.

"A letter written now might reach him sometime, even though it followed him across the continent," she thought, and it would, at least, be a relief to her to write it.

And one morning, when the mail was brought in, a letter, with superscription traced in fair, familiar characters that made him start with pleasure and surprise, was handed to Willis, who sat indifferently listening to the conversation of his brothers and sisters.

One glance at the dainty missive, and he had left them and was secure from intrusion in the privacy of his own room. With eager and excited interest, he broke the seal, and, as he read, it seemed as if his clouded sky had suddenly been illumined by a burst of sunshine. Again and again he read the letter, finding, each time, more cause to love and bless the charming writer.

"What is the matter with Willis?" asked one of the sisters a few hours later; "he has been whistling and singing all the morning."

"What has come over the spirit of your dreams, Will?" she asked, as he came up the pathway and paused at the door.

"Can't a fellow whistle without being accused of having something the matter with him?" he asked, laughingly.

"When he mopes around like an octogenarian for a week or two, then suddenly changes and whistles and sings like a schoolboy, we report it as a difficult case," replied the sister.

"When I come down with it, like smallpox or measles, it will be time to investigate," he answered, "but just now I feel as if I would like my dinner."

"Another symptom of convalescence," replied the sister; "for you have had no appetite for more than a week, and although we only guess the nature of your malady, we are glad to note the signs of your recovery."

—
"I know not what awaits me,
God kindly veils mine eyes,
And o'er each step of my onward way
He makes new scenes to rise."

It was Belle's voice, filling the old-fashioned room with its melody, inspiring the grandmother's heart with renewed fervency at the Christian trustfulness so beautifully expressed throughout the hymn, but to Arthur Wendall, listening with rapt attention to the wonderful power and pathos of her voice, floating tremulously out upon the evening air, it seemed like the despairing resignation of a breaking heart.

She had sung these lines with Willis, and every word was enshrined within her memory by some more deep and fervent meaning which his greater powers of expression had given them. She could almost feel his presence now, as in those days when their voices had made rare melody in the sacred choir which they were wont to join. She finished the song, and, rising from the instrument, went silently out through the leafy shadows and glimmering moonlight, until she paused at the gate, thankful to find herself alone.

Wearied of all her surroundings, tired, desolate, and homesick, in her present state of mind she seemed like one banished from every scene of former delight.

Parents, brothers, and sisters had all seemed willing to part with her; her lover gone beyond her knowledge, grieving, perhaps, over her seeming faithlessness, but far beyond recall.

"Dear Willis, you, of all the throng, have been unwilling to spare me; had you but known," she said, trying in vain to keep back the tears that filled her eyes in spite of every effort to repress them.

She heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and plainly visible through the mellow moonlight she saw some one coming toward her. She started tremulously; it could not be—and yet, she knew that step.

"Belle!" It was his voice, thrilling with tender earnestness, calling with loving eagerness, coming, surely coming.

She reached her hands toward him, "O Willis! you have come back to me!"

"Come back? I never left you, darling," he said, folding the slender form in fond embrace. "I never meant to leave you; but oh! how I have missed you!"

"You cared enough to seek me," she said, with grateful tenderness.

"When your letter reached me, had the ocean rolled between us, I would have crossed it to find you," he answered, gazing fondly upon the lovely face beside him.

"I have been so desolate without you," she said, nestling closer to his side, confidently.

"You really longed to see me, then? And knowing this, I would explore the world to find you," he said, caressingly.

An hour sped by unnoticed, but the grandmother, who had been impatiently awaiting her return, came out at length to warn her that the dew was falling.

"Come, Willis, I have forgotten everything else in the glad surprise of meeting you. We will go in," she said.

Arthur Wendall understood her pensive mood which had so perplexed him, now, when

she introduced her handsome lover, with a proud and happy light beaming from her eyes, in spite of all her strict ideas of filial duty.

"Belle," said Willis, when they were again alone, "I cannot stay long; you know I have no wealth to offer you, but little more than my worthless self to give you, but the fertile prairies of the West still offer homes to all who will redeem them from their wildness. Come with me, dearest, and I will try so hard to make you happy and content in our new home beyond the mighty bosom of the Mississippi."

She stood irresolute; thoughts of her father's warning came across her mind, and a vision of poor Mellie Lee's unwelcome presence in the home she had abandoned was before her. "Oh! I dare not," she said, faintly.

"You mean you dare not trust me, that I am unworthy of your confidence, or that you have ceased to love me," he said, bitterly, in tones slightly trembling, with the intensity of feeling.

"O Willis! you are cruel. You know I love you, and am unhappy all the time without you, but with those to whom I owe both love and duty arrayed against you, you know not what I suffer," she said, bursting into tears.

"Forgive me, darling, I had no wish to wound you, but the thought of losing you almost drives me wild, and I know not what I say," he said, penitently, caressing the sobbing girl.

Had she been at home, surrounded by the counter influence of parents, brothers, and sisters, his task would have been more difficult, but so far away, longing for love and kindred, with heart and sympathies enlisted in his favor, while only duty and prudence held her back, while her lover plead with all the fervor of determination, what wonder that at last she yielded and gave the promise that he craved—that to-morrow morn should see them wed and on their way to that new home upon the distant prairie.

And ere the morrow's sun had reached its height Vermont's green hills were left behind.

CHAPTER III.

WITH even more of triumph than the father felt when taking her away, Willis Blake looked on the fair bride who nestled close beside him as the train sped on, past the green fields of their native State, beyond those long-cultivated and thrifty regions under improvement a hundred years ago, beyond the prairie-farms of Illinois, across the mighty bosom of the Mississippi, still on, beyond the busy life of Western cities, till towns grew scarce and orchards few

and fewer and the railroad terminated, and our home-seekers finished the journey, as did many like them, in white-covered wagons drawn by spans of sturdy mules.

At length they reached the Government land, and the settlers halted in company ere starting out to make their respective selections.

The scene was wild beyond description. The great, treeless prairie stretched on every side far beyond the utmost line of vision, and seemed bounded only by the line of blue sky which encircled it.

A silvery lake, with crystal waters rippling before the gentle winds, added life and beauty to the scene, and a hundred tents were pitched upon its pebbly shore.

Mules and horses were turned loose to graze upon the wild, rank grasses; men were busy unloading camp utensils from the wagons, women were broiling chickens and making coffee for the evening meal, while groups of children, freed from long restraint, were wading along the margin of the lake or fishing from its shores.

To Willis the scene was new, wild, and exciting; to Belle it was very strange and bewildering.

It was only thirty miles from the Indian Reservation, and, although unsettled for a long distance, extending parallel with Indian Territory, the pasturage had not wholly gone to waste, for large herds of cattle, owned by Eastern capitalists and watched by numerous cowboys, roamed over the fertile plains and fattened on the tender buffalo-grass that covered them. Even at the present day there are eleven thousand in one herd on the Cherokee strip alone.

For years these cattle kings held possession of these grazing-lands, but rumors of Uncle Sam's rich heritage brought forth his sons in countless hordes, and, step by step, the herds were crowded back to make room for settlers' farms.

After a few days of rest, the pioneers scattered out over an area of twenty miles, selecting lands and making claims according to individual tastes and judgments.

Upon the lakelet's western shore Willis made his claim and moved his tent. His land was level, or but slightly rolling, sloping gently to the water's edge, but only a mile to the westward it rose in broken lines, with cañons intersecting here and there, as if some mighty hand had cleft the hills.

"Look, Belle," said Willis, with a feeling of proud ownership, while buoyant hope and youthful zeal kindled his enthusiastic spirit, "when our cattle graze upon this plain and drink at noon-tide from this crystal lake and we have changed

this prairie land to fertile fields and fruitful orchards and our fair dwelling crowns it all, where in all the world can you find a home more blessed than ours?"

And she, sharing in his enthusiasm, helped him to plan and revel in that ever blessed and ever beautiful "by and by."

But the time to lay aside all idle dreaming and take up real and earnest work had come.

It was thirty miles to the nearest place where lumber could be purchased, prices were high and money scarce, and the pioneers availed themselves of every substitute within their reach to economize their scanty means. Many of our Eastern friends can remember the old-time log cabin, but how many of our readers ever saw a sod shanty? The log cabin is a palace compared with it. The prairie sod is tough and strong, and the settler turns wide furrows with his plow, gathers up the large strips of turf, and with it builds the walls of his house. When it is high enough he covers it with boards, hangs a door, oftentimes with hinges cut from his worn-out boots, generally manages to secure a window consisting of four panes of glass, and the dwelling is complete.

Does the reader think this picture exaggerated and overdrawn? At this present day (September 25th, 1885) I can show you dozens of just such dwellings in the very county in which I live, and to the very dwellers in these shanties does Kansas owe her remarkable development and improvement in the last ten years. They paved the way; capitalists followed after the first wildness had been subdued, the first hardships smoothed away, and the pioneers moved back to enact the same scenes again, with the added luxury of the money brought by their first lands to improve the second homes.

Having completed his dwelling, the next important question is from whence to obtain fuel. To the new-comer, fresh from the timbered lands or coal fields of his native State, this seems like a problem difficult to solve, but the initiated go along the streams where vegetation grows rank and tall, mows down the grass, twists it into huge hay ropes, and carries it home to burn. This done, he takes his rifle, goes out upon the prairie, and brings in his supply of prairie chickens, jack-rabbits, ducks, or antelope, as the case may be, deposits his sack of flour or meal in one corner of the cabin, constructs a table out of four straight sticks and a board, use boxes, nail kegs, or anything else that can be utilized for the purpose, for seats, and the work of making the "Wilderness to blossom like the rose" is begun.

Reader, the picture is not in the least exaggerated. Do you see anything so very generous

in Uncle Sam's *free gift* of one hundred and sixty acres to the man who goes empty handed to improve it? "But," says the romantically inclined reader, "I should go prepared. I should build a pleasant house and furnish it comfortably, at least."

People who are able to build comfortable homes and furnish them accordingly are not the ones who go forth upon the border willing to endure present hardship for the sake of future plenty, or, if they do, they soon tire of "life on the frontier," and go back to scenes of former luxury.

But to Belle and Willis Blake it was as if they had "burned the bridges in their wake." Her parents were overwhelmed with grief and consternation when they found her gone. Her mother cried and her father said, with paling face but stern resolve, "She has chosen, let her abide the consequences."

To Willis the sod shanty seemed so much like burrowing in the ground that he would not inhabit one, and he resolved to live in his tent until he could bring lumber with which to build a house. Everything was so new and strange that Belle found herself wondering a hundred times if it were really her, and when Willis informed her of the necessity of leaving her with a neighbor while he went for the lumber she positively refused to stay, and declared her intention of going with him.

"Why, Belle," he expostulated, "it is impossible! Just think of a delicate woman like you riding thirty miles upon a load of lumber."

"It is impossible for me to stay," she answered, and he was obliged to yield.

It required two days to make the trip, and they returned very tired and hungry, but Willis had killed plenty of game on the way, and Belle broiled a chicken while he attended to the team, and with bread, butter, and coffee it made

the evening meal, which they were hungry enough to relish.

Weary with the long day's ride, they retired to rest, and were soon sleeping soundly in spite of the hard bed upon the ground. For "company's sake" two young men had encamped near them, making the loneliness seem less intense, and ere the morning dawned Willis was very grateful for their presence.

Some time during the night he was wakened by a sound very much resembling the bark of an enraged watch-dog, but far more wild and fierce.

He listened apprehensively. A moment later it was answered by another in the distance and still another and another, until the whole prairie seemed alive with howling demons. He sprang to his feet and grasped his rifle, while Belle clung trembling to his side.

He raised the curtain that covered the entrance to the tent and peered anxiously out into the uncertain starlight. Dimly visible upon the adjacent prairie and faintly outlined against the southern sky numberless dark, moving objects were discernible in the distance, howling, barking, whining as if the whole race of demons had been turned loose in search of prey.

Willis's heart sank within him. "Wolves," he thought, "wolves in countless hordes, set forth to hunt for an evening meal." All the stories that he had ever heard of those cruel, savage, and bloodthirsty animals flashed across his mind at once, standing there with her, with only that frail tent between them and a fierce and crafty foe made savage by hunger and emboldened by numbers.

Nearer and still nearer came the howling pack, their deafening yells more and more blood-curdling as they seemed to scent the game and were impatient for the feast.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,
 And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
 Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
 And tread softly and speak low,
 For the Old Year lies a-dying.
 Old Year, you must not die;
 You came to us so readily,
 You lived with us so steadily,
 Old Year, you shall not die.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

DIAMONDS AND GEMS.

BY HELEN H. S. THOMPSON.

"After a spirit of discernment, the next rarest thing in the world are diamonds and pearls."—*La Bruyere.*

THOSE who delight in the wearing and possession of precious stones may find a study of them not devoid of charm. It would be interesting to trace their history from the period when worn on Aaron's ephod down to the jeweled cross of the Archbishop of Paris; from the time they were presented as offerings in the Temple of Jupiter down to the treasures in the Christian churches of the sixteenth century. But this would require too exhaustive a treatise for the limits of this article. It is sufficient to note that from earliest ages gems have been the object of desire and of great price.

Marvelous properties were also ascribed to precious stones during the twilight of fable and science. As a cure for all nervous and hypochondriacal diseases, even moral, gems were considered a sovereign remedy. As success was assured by faith in the remedial agent, the expectancy of cure wrought the good work not infrequently in palpitation of the heart, low spirits, nightmare, etc. An emerald placed at the head of the bed was often sufficient, and jewels introduced into the mouth for sore throat and toothache were invaluable. Diamonds and other gems were often borrowed from rich families for such purposes, care being taken to secure them by a string to prevent their being swallowed by the patient.

The great antiquity of some diamonds in present use is shown in the Koh-i-noor (Mountain of Light) captured from India and presented to Queen Victoria. It is said to have been worn by Karna, the King of Anga, three thousand and one years before the present era.

The study of precious stones, considered merely from the standpoint of ornament, sinks in value compared with its relations to science and commerce. When we consider that the diamond is only carbon crystallized, the fact leads us into a realm of surprising interest, a diamond being the most rare and priceless of minerals and carbon being found in immense quantities in the earth and furnished by all plants and trees in abundance. A diamond of pure quality, equal in weight with a five-dollar gold-piece, has a money value of eight hundred thousand dollars, but an equal weight of carbon has no appreciable value, although they are

identical! Yet, how precious is this coal! At a casual glance, the countries containing diamond-mines might seem the most valuable, such as the mines of Golconda, of Borneo, of Brazil, the Ural, and of Visapour in India, yet they are scarce worth a moiety of those coal-mines with which nature has endowed England, Belgium, and the United States.

Every one has observed the deposit left by evaporation after dissolving salt, sugar, saltpetre, or alum in water, that it presents geometrical forms—in salt, cube-like crystals; in sugar, an appearance like rock candy; while alum crystallizes into pointed pyramids, and saltpetre presents an elongated surface, with four flat sides and square ends. The pointed pyramids are the identical form which nature shapes in the crystals of carbon called diamonds, giving force to Plato's grand thought: "*God geometrizes incessantly!*"

When these facts were discovered, chemical skill aspired to copy nature in producing this wonderful result, but is baffled still in her attempts to coerce its mysterious secrets. These geometrical products, in their natural state, are as smooth and polished as cut-glass. The colored crystals—the crimson garnet, the yellow topaz, the violet amethyst, the blue sapphire, the red ruby—are also brilliant sparks from these marvelous underground problems. The ancient alchemists insisted that the philosopher's stone could be created from the commonest substance, as nature produces the costliest gems from the cheapest materials. They had yet to learn that although the chemist produces carbon from the diamond as easily as from sugar or wood, he is powerless from the carbon to bring forth the diamond! With the science of chemistry in the hands of the faithful operator, what wonder that the art of making diamonds has been eagerly sought! To the chemist it looks easy. Does not nature take a little of the potter's glazing, and, coloring it with a bit of iron, give us a ruby or sapphire? With slight additions to the worthless pebble she forms the topaz, the emerald, and the amethyst, and converts a small quantity of black and friable carbon into a transparent diamond.

The modern chemist, having burnt the diamond and discovered that the product is the same as that obtained by burning of charcoal, it is believed that some compound of charcoal may be found which, submitted to such process

as will allow the carbon to separate very slowly and in *perfect stillness*, will produce the diamond. It is thus that other crystals are formed. As a combination of sulphur and carbon produces a colorless liquid, if, by some process, the sulphur could be got rid of, it is thought the result would be accomplished; so far, this hope has failed. Some years ago the announcement of the artificial production of diamonds by a voltaic battery electrified all Paris. It was, however, premature. It is quite safe to say that, if the process was accomplished, it would cost more than its worth, though a glorious achievement for science.

The diamond is found incrustated with a red cement and covered by a rough coat, which, when broken, exposes the stone in perfect smoothness. The sand at the foot of torrents is submitted to heavy washings by machinery to expel the gravel before securing the gem. The ancients knew nothing of the lapidary's art, but used the diamond in its natural state of eight triangular surfaces, presenting on every side a double pyramid. The difference in value between the cut and uncut stone is not great, for what is lost in weight by cutting is doubled in value by the operation.

The mines of India for a long time held the monopoly of the diamond world, but at present nearly all the stones sold in Europe are obtained from Brazil, being first sent to Amsterdam to be cut, thence to London and Paris to be set, and from these cities finding their way to the entire world.

There are five diamonds called "sovereign," "the Regent," "Koh-i-noor," "Tuscany," "Russia" or "Sancy," and "Star of the South." The two first are of equal beauty; the "Tuscany" is considered inferior in color, being a yellowish lemon; the great diamond of Russia is shaped like a pigeon-egg cut in two, covered with facets; while the "Star of the South," found by a poor negress while washing the sands in a Brazilian mine, is also named the "Stone of Affection." Philip II asked the merchant who displayed it: "How have you managed to put such an immense price on this stone?" His apt reply is worthy a place in history: "Sire, I knew there was in the world a King of Spain to buy it!"

A slight tinge of color detracts from the value of a diamond, but when one is found of a lively, rich color, it is a rare specimen. Among the crown diamonds of France, there was one of triangular shape of a fine sapphire blue, which disappeared, with others, by theft. The thief, when discovered, received great consideration because of the magnitude of the theft! The most wonderful diamond is owned by Mr. Hope, of England, and is characterized as "superlatively beautiful," uniting the blue color of the sapphire with the prismatic hues of the diamond. There is also a black diamond, valued because of its singularity.

Diamonds become objects of great affection to those who possess them. It is written of Nonius that he preferred to leave Rome as a proscribed traitor, than yield to Antony his "stone of affection." He chose exile rather than part with his diamond. The gems owned by Indian princes are regarded with superstitious and doating affection. Treaties of alliance have been formed, even in modern days, by dazzling the eyes with precious stones, and have also been used by sovereigns as pledges for the payment of debts. According to Pliny, the first person who wore a precious stone was the Titan, Prometheus. After being released from his bonds, he inserted a piece of the rock to which he had been bound into his chain, forming a ring, which he ever after wore in memory of his wrongs. This grand benefactor, who gave the earth fire stolen from the gods, is held in veneration for his opposition to the imperious Jupiter.

The following touching incident is told by Monsieur Babinet, of the Institute of France, who intrusted a valuable diamond to a trader, to be re-cut in Amsterdam. While absent, the trader met with great reverses and returned to Paris in deep poverty and want. During his travels he was obliged to live on wild fruits and sleep on the ground. "I found him," says the Professor, "on a bed of straw in a bare apartment, but he had been faithful to his trust. He handed me my jewel, apparently unconscious of merit, merely asking me the price of recutting."

Another anecdote is given concerning a gem bought at Constantinople by Baron de Lancy for six hundred thousand livres. During the reign of Henry IV, several of his barons found it necessary to render him pecuniary assistance, and among these De Lancy, who placed this diamond bearing his name in the hands of a faithful domestic, to be given to the King himself. This servant was assassinated by the brigands. For a long time his master could not ascertain what had become of him, but finally discovered where he was killed, and that his body had been interred by the village folk in their cemetery. When condolences were offered the Baron on the loss of his splendid jewel, he replied, "You are in error, gentlemen; since I know where to find the body of my servant, I know also where to find my diamond!" It had been *swallowed* by the man to secure it from the robbers!

A poor gardener in Golconda, finding in his

garden one of these precious stones, enriched his entire country by opening up sources of profit and wealth for his countrymen, thus proving nobility in humble garb.

To the lover of gems it becomes a matter of interest to know how to discriminate between the true and false. "Paste," colored or not, is only a very fine glass, overcharged with lead and enamel, similar in quality to the best "cut glass" for table use. In early days, when substituted for precious stones, it was cut with great care, but has now become common and inferior in workmanship. The diamond is determined by its weight, being heavier than rock crystal and lighter than white sapphire. "If the genuine be suspended by a fine thread from a delicate balance, and when in perfect equilibrium be immersed in a glass of water, it loses two-sevenths of its weight. A white sapphire loses only a fourth of its weight, while a piece of rock crystal loses eight centigrams. Hence, when any species of crystal loses more than two-sevenths of its weight in water, it must be a diamond."

Another method of discernment is an optical test of great delicacy. The French chemist thus describes it: "In looking through a transparent stone at a detached object, such as the point of a needle or a minute hole pierced in a card, the object is seen double through all white or colorless gems except the diamond. The white topaz exhibits this double refraction, and may thus be recognized as a false diamond. I have a painful recollection of a visit from an English gentleman, who brought for my examination a magnificent white topaz, which, had it been diamond, would have been of immense value. It was very easy for me from the cutting of the stone to perceive the double refraction, but such was the agitation of the owner, and so convulsively did he tremble, that I was obliged to attach the stone to a wooden ruler with a bit of green wax before I could render the phenomenon clear to him. The instant he saw the double refraction, the bearing of which I had explained, he seemed overcome with emotion, and after remaining some minutes in a half stupefied condition he suddenly rose and abruptly took his leave, doubtless to hide his emotion, too powerful to be controlled. He afterward sent me his card, apologizing for his departure, but I never learned what great interest I had compromised or what fond hopes dissipated in thus determining the character of his stone."

The white sapphire, the white topaz, and the zircon owe their high price to the fact that they are frequently substituted for diamonds. To wear such upon the person may indicate the

vanity of the wearer, but to sell one for a diamond is a crime, punishable by law.

It is said that the light from many wax candles or uncovered jets of gas is more favorable to the brilliancy of diamonds than that from lamps or gas inclosed with ground glass globes. Under the light of a candelabra the gem delights the eye with unprecedented beauty. Every movement of the body gives a constantly varying play of light.

A gentleman of wide experience in precious stones says: "Whenever I have been invited to see an amateur collection, among which there was one princely diamond, I have often given the owner great and unexpected pleasure by lighting on a mantel-piece from eight to sixteen wax candles, thus calling forth all the latent splendor of the gem. The reflection in the mantel mirror doubles the number of candles; and if we turn our back to the mirror while holding the diamond in the hand about the level of the eye, vibrating it rapidly, the most beautiful effects are produced. If this secret had been known to Prince Potemkin, who enjoyed like a Sybarite the company of his beautiful diamonds, he would have obtained a much higher pleasure."

The study of gems furnishes many facts of importance in mineralogy and optics, greatly enriching the science of both; but science as yet only half perceives the cause of the radiant colors in colored stones, as seen in the soft blue of the sapphire, the perfect green of the emerald, the pure yellow of the topaz, and the unparalleled red of the ruby, which has been compared to the blood as it spurts from an artery or the red ray of the solar spectrum.

The ruby ranks next to the diamond. Every one knows that a perfect ruby is the rarest production in nature. Found only in those regions where poisonous reptiles, wild beasts, and all but inaccessible forests abound, what wonder that they are of great price. Very small specimens possess but little value, though much used for watch pivots, but one weighing five carats brings double the price of a diamond, and for ten carats triple the diamond's price will be paid.

The rajahs of India invest them with superstitious qualities, and will not part with them at any price. The Indian owner of the Koh-i-noor diamond possessed a ruby as large as the large end of an egg, which he called worth twelve million five hundred thousand pounds sterling!

The ancients named the ruby *carbuncle*, meaning incandescent coal having the color of fire. This word is seldom used at the present day except to denote a ruby of immense size. When one of these precious stones is cut spherically

it presents in the centre of its marvelous red a white six-rayed star—a most beautiful sight. This phase is found in the sapphire also, which is a near relative of the ruby, differing only in color.

The emerald, with its refreshing tint, is brought to us from Peru and New Granada. It is found in lovely crystals imbedded in free-stone, and it is believed that its deposit in a stone so different in nature and color is due to electricity. The first approach to spectacles was the use of emeralds hollowed on both sides. The emerald, like the ruby, loses none of its lovely hues in artificial light, a fact which makes both very popular where all great reunions are held at night.

The sapphire, which we are told to bind upon the brow "to heal diseases of the mind," is the hardest of all colored stones, and by some is known as a blue ruby and the ruby as a red sapphire. Some varieties contain the six-pointed star and are known as "starry sapphires." These are greatly esteemed. They may result from some foreign substance imbedded in the stone or from minute hollows left at the time of crystallization. A four or six-rayed star is determined by the shape of the gem. The writer once owned a large and beautiful carnelion, heart-shaped, upon which were scratched crossed lines, which produced a white cross on red ground. This starry quality in precious stones is of great beauty and value.

Next in preciousness comes the *opal*.

"Lay the opal on thy breast
To lull the storms of life to rest,"

was the injunction of the magician and seer. In perfection it exhibits all the colors of the solar spectrum, with no color predominating. Two specimens are rarely found alike. The Empress Josephine once paid a very high price to obtain two opal bracelets exactly alike.

The *chrysolite* is a gem sharing the milkiness of the sapphire, also its lustre and polish, but is yellowish-green in color. It is found in Ceylon and often among the lava of volcanoes. One variety is found in the meteoric stones fallen from the skies. *Garnets* were formerly used as money among traders. The choicest are of a peach-blossom color, and the starry property abounds. A cluster of garnets in setting of brooch or ring are capable of much beauty. They are found in Norway and Sweden, also Hungary. From the white garnet, microscopic lenses are made which rival those of the diamond.

The *topaz*, often called the water-drop, is found in Brazil and Saxony and occasionally in the mines of Siberia. They vary in color, be-

ing in yellow, blue, and white, the yellow the most popular, especially with Spaniards. The Emperor Maximinus was so strong in the hands that he is said to have crushed the topaz as one would a lump of sugar. If the reader possess a genuine topaz, let him gently warm it and suspend a delicate linen thread vertically from one end. To his delight he will find it attracted by the warmed topaz as it would be by a piece of sealing-wax that had been rubbed on cloth. The only other stone which shares this peculiarity is the *tourmaline*, which is highly prized because of its polarizing qualities. There are green and blue tourmalines which come from South America, called "Brazilian emeralds" and "sapphires," but the choicest specimens are brought from India and are chiefly red.

The *amethyst* is said to possess a charm for the wearer against drunkenness. It is of an exquisite violet tint, but is a daylight stone. It is pure rock-crystal of singular properties—nothing but sharp sand crystallized and singularly colored. False gems are largely made from this, which are called "Rhine" and "Alençon diamonds." It is only known as true amethyst when of pure violet color. At one period this rock-crystal was substituted for many purposes where glass is now used. Balls of it were used to concentrate the sun's rays and to create fire. They are now used for microscopes.

The *torquoise* is imitated in porcelain. One variety is made from the teeth of the mastodon—a kind of fossil ivory. The other is a mineral of greenish-blue and is much admired.

The Moslems believe that a bracelet of precious stones set in a circle will protect the wearer from the powers of darkness, the plague, shipwreck, nightmare, the cyclone, and fire. They tell us that the *chrysolite* is an enchanted stone from the silver dome above, to which the stars are strung by powerful chains. When one shoots from its orbit, sparkles of fire trail after it, which fall to the earth instead of burning out like lamps!

But this dissertation is leading us whither? Is it not to a certain old Book of wondrous lore which tells of the twelve gates of the city of Light, whose every gate is a several pearl?—

"And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones; the first foundation was jasper, the second sapphire, the third a chalcedony, the fourth an emerald, the fifth sardonyx, the sixth sardius, the seventh chrysolite, the eighth beryl, the ninth a topaz, the tenth a chrysoprasus, the eleventh a jacinth, the twelfth an amethyst. And the twelve gates were several pearls!"

EMILY.

BY MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

I SHALL not try to explain the little story I have to tell. It is no stranger than more than one well-authenticated history which you may read on the pages of scientific treatises, whose authors labor, with greater or less approximation, to express them in some abstruse formula of nerve-force and brain-cell. An approximation only! Reduced to lowest terms, there is still the subtle, elusive remainder which defies absolute expression. Somewhere, indeed, must be the hidden key to such mysteries, but "whether in the body or out of the body," it shall be ours to grasp it. He only knows at whose bidding that marvelous force we call the soul expresses itself in living form, and reaches forth through media more or less clearly understood, to touch and influence other souls.

It was in the summer of 18— that some matters connected with my husband's business suddenly assumed such form as to render it necessary for him to spend two or three months abroad. Our little boy and girl were quite too young for me to think either of taking them on so long a journey or leaving them in the care of servants at home. To remain with them in the city through the hot, unhealthy season was equally impossible. Our family physician recommended sea-air for little Eda, who had been for some time slightly ailing; so I determined to spend the time of my husband's absence beside the ocean. I shrank, however, from the thought of any of the large seaside resorts with which I was familiar. My experience of the crowded hotels, the confused excitement of the daily coming and going, the gossip, flirtation, and elaborate dressing, had been very wearisome. It seemed an impertinence to bring the more petty interests of everyday life into the presence of that great deep, whose pulses are the tides, whose outlook the illimitable sky, and whose duration a segment of its Creator's eternity.

But where could we find the utterly quiet abode for which I longed? After some time spent in fruitless inquiry, an artist friend came to my relief.

"You should go to N—," he said, naming an insignificant fishing-hamlet far up the coast. "I was there sketching for a month two years ago, and unless outside enterprise has made unparalleled inroads since then, you will be at no loss for the seclusion you desire."

So to N— good nurse Harmon and I took the children early in June. We found it, in-

deed, a quiet place. There were but few dwellings altogether, and the means of subsistence of every family was drawn from the great storehouse of the ocean. But, though quiet, it was very pleasant there. Why the locality had so long remained an "undiscovered country" to the hotel-builder and summer-boarder I could not explain. There was the short, smooth beach, where the dear little sand-pipers vibrated back and forth with the waves like so many animated pendulums; the picturesque masses of rock beyond; the long bar, where the breakers boomed at high tide, but whose treasures of aquatic life were laid bare for our inspection at the ebbing of the waters; while at night the steady star of the lighthouse sent its long beam across the ripples to our very windows.

We had found comfortable quarters in one of the larger dwellings of the village with the "Widow Arles," whose husband had been lost at sea some years before, but whose two sturdy sons followed fearlessly their father's treacherous calling.

There was another member of the family—a girl of eighteen or nineteen years old—who answered to the name of "Emily," and upon whose shoulders, albeit they were slender ones, much of the household service seemed to fall. I supposed her, at first, to be Mrs. Arles's own daughter, but soon learned that she had been adopted—a half-drowned waif, a bit of living jetsam cast up by the sea, the sole, unidentified survivor of a foreign vessel wrecked off the coast.

The girl's face attracted me—not by any beauty, for her features were somewhat irregular and there was a notable absence of that color and freshness which, of themselves, render any youthful face pleasant to look upon. Her dark eyes were really fine, although at times they seemed strangely lacking in lustre and expression. The peculiarity of her face which fascinated me, as I observed her closely, was its capacity for instantaneous transition, without any apparent cause, from an expression of listlessness or indifference to the most intense and concentrated vitality possible to human features. This marvelous illumination might last but for a moment; but whether of longer or shorter duration, it invariably seemed to leave behind it the reaction of physical weariness and nervous strain.

I was sitting, one afternoon, on the little front porch of the cottage, which faced the sea. Mrs. Arles had just come out to me to ask some ques-

tion about the arrangement of my room, when Emily came toiling up the path with a pail of water from the well. I was looking at her sympathetically, for the load was evidently too heavy for her strength, when the change of which I have spoken suddenly passed over her, and her slight form straightened as if her burden had been but a feather's weight. She was looking toward us, but there was no *outsight*—if I may be allowed to coin a word—in her eyes. Their expression was of intense inward concentration, but without any trace of self-consciousness.

"Why does she look so?" I asked, almost involuntarily.

The widow's face darkened, as she answered, with an impatient shrug of her sharp shoulders:

"She sees things, ma'am; Emily is not like other folks."

Even as she spoke the girl's feature's relaxed and her figure drooped. Stealing a half-frightened glance at us, she hurried past to the rear door of the cottage.

"I do not understand," I said.

"No more do I, ma'am, nor does anybody else, as far as I know," answered my companion. "Ah, ma'am!" she went on, in a kind of injured tone, "it was little enough, I thought, when I worked for a full hour over that drowned baby before I got the first sign of life, what it was that I was bringing her back to. I might better have thrown her into the sea again. I'd never had a girl, and my heart was soft to the poor young thing. She couldn't 'a been more than two years old at the most, and I took care of her, if I do say it, as if she'd been my own. She was a queer little thing from the first, and had odd, nervous spells that I couldn't make out. When she was about six years old a sister of mine, from Portsmouth, came to see me, and brought her little boy along—Charley, his name was—and he and Emily took no end of a liking to each other. The two were hardly apart for the whole month, and when finally my sister took the boy home Emily cried herself into a real fever. Well, ma'am, it was just two weeks after that that I was washing up my breakfast-dishes in the kitchen, when I heard a dreadful scream outside. I knew it was Emily's voice, and I ran out into the garden. There she was, jumping up and down and screeching, with an awful look in her eyes, and all that I could get out of her was: 'Charley's in the water! Charley's in the water!' I picked her up and carried her into the house, but it was more than an hour before I could get her quieted down. Then she went off to sleep, and lay more as if she was dead than alive until the next morning. And

the very next day, ma'am, I got a letter from my sister's husband, dated the day before, and the first words I read were: 'Our little Charley fell into an open cistern yesterday morning and was drowned.' You can imagine the turn *that* gave me!

"Well, that was only the beginning. I'd heard of folks with what they called 'second sight,' and I remember my Cousin Abner's going to one of 'em in Boston—a seventh son of a seventh son, he said he was—but I never put faith in them. I never thought as 't would be my luck to have them in my own house. It may be very nice to talk about, but I tell you, ma'am, when you come to live, day in and day out, with somebody that can see through walls and doors and across miles of country, it's wearing, to say the least! I never used to be bothered with nerves, but I'm free to say it makes me creepy all over when Emily gets that look in her eyes. I never know what's coming. I've tried to scold it out of her, but there's no use. Only she knows better now than to talk about what she sees—that I *won't* have!"

I need hardly say that my interest in Emily was greatly increased by Mrs. Arles's marvelous story. The girl was so shy, and withal was kept so busily employed, that I had only occasional opportunities for conversation with her, but as best I could, without too apparent effort, I tried to gain her confidence. I soon recognized in her a nature of unusual capacity for affection, but whose sensitive outreachings seemed to have been repulsed at every point, like the bruised tendrils of a vine which had been denied support. The fatal gift—hers by some inexplicable birthright—had separated her from her kind as effectually as if she had been surrounded by an invisible wall. My heart yearned toward the child, and, finding myself beginning to love her, I was soon conscious of a responsive devotion in her, which grew almost terrible in its silent intensity. She hurried through her household tasks in order to search for something which might please me—shells and bright pebbles for the children, prickly sea-urchins, bright-hued star-fish, delicate mosses, and seaweed for my own collection. She said but little; simply to be near me seemed to give her perfect content. The short illness of my faithful nurse gave me a pretext for asking of Mrs. Arles Emily's assistance in the care of the children. I think she was utterly happy in those few days as we wandered together along the shore or sat upon the barnacle-studded rocks watching the little ones at play in the sand. The listlessness had gone from her face and her cheeks glowed with healthful color. Mrs. Arles's observant eyes noted the change.

"Emily's like a new girl, ma'am," she said. "I don't know but if you was to stay you would cure her of her spells altogether?"

So the weeks grew into months, until it was late August. I did not expect my husband's return before the end of September. The children's perfect health and my own quiet content furnished me a sufficient motive for still lingering in our summer quarters, but I was conscious also of a growing dread of leaving poor Emily to the old life in which I had found her.

I have said that it was a very small hamlet, and it sometimes happened that all the able men were away in their boats together, leaving only the aged or infirm with the women at home. So it was on the day of which I am to tell. Indeed, the boats had been out all the previous night, for a southeasterly gale had risen and they could not beat down against it. However, no one felt alarm, knowing of the safe harbor to the northward, where, doubtless, all had found shelter.

The wind continued to rise, and we were forced to close both doors and windows of the cottage, for the clouds of mist that filled the air. The breakers on the bar boomed like a grand cannonade, and the sound of the waves in the hollow rocks was like the continual rattle of musketry. I had never had other than a summer acquaintance with the sea, and this was the strongest gale I had ever known. I found a strange pleasure in the sights and sounds—a sympathy with the warring elements which thrilled and intoxicated me.

Suddenly, as we all stood gazing from the windows, we caught sight, through the flying mist, of a small vessel, schooner rigged, scudding to the northward before the sea.

"What can the skipper mean," cried Mrs. Arles, "that he keeps her so close in? He must be strange to the coast?"

Almost while she spoke the schooner, which could easily, by going a little way out, have made the harbor to the north, struck on the cruel rocks which marked the end of the long bar. In one terrible instant the tops of her masts seemed to meet and the seas flew over her. I caught the glass from Mrs. Arles's hand and plainly saw the men climbing into the rigging.

"What can be done?" I cried, in agony.

"Nothing!" answered the widow, in a tone which almost drove me wild by its seeming apathy. "The men are all away, and well they are, for not a boat in N— could live in such a sea!"

Before I could answer a terrible cry rent the air. My blood seemed to chill in my veins. I sank into a chair, while my little boy and girl

ran to me, clinging to my dress and hiding their scared faces. It was Emily's voice, and I pray God I may never again see such a look as burned in her eyes. It was only for a moment.

"The life-boat!" she cried out, and with a spring like a hound unleashed she threw the door wide open and was away through the spray and wind.

"Emily! Emily! Come back!" called the widow, but she might as well have adjured the spirit of the storm. The girl was speeding along the shore, with the long, lithe strides of a racer, and her black hair, loosened from its coils, streamed backward from her uncovered head.

"Where is she going?" I asked, when I could find my voice.

"For the life-boat, I suppose!" answered the widow. "But she can never get to the station, and if she could, the schooner would break up before then. The bridge must be well under water by this time. It's a fool's errand!"

I remembered the life-saving station three good miles below, whither we had made an excursion one sunny afternoon. The bridge of which Mrs. Arles had spoken, and which we had crossed, was a simple frame of planks spanning a narrow stream flowing into the sea. I reflected in a moment that in such a storm as this the slender structure must, indeed, be submerged, if not carried quite away. Poor Emily! in my anxiety for her safety, I almost forgot the unknown crew of the vessel struggling with the cruel waves.

The smooth sand extended only a little way southward, so that she was forced to make a detour over a long, rugged stretch of ground to avoid the rocks piled in an irregular wall along the shore. On she went, as we learned afterward, often stumbling, falling more than once, and rising heedless of her bruised hands and rent clothing. She came, at last, to the place where the bridge should have been. Nothing appeared but a broad stretch of water flecked with foam. She knew that there was a hard bottom, but if the water were shallow enough to be waded she could not tell. There was no time for hesitation. She plunged in and felt the sand firm under her feet, although the heaped foam closed about her waist like the lapping of a beast of prey. Once here she fell, and the water closed over her head, but struggling and gasping, she found her feet again. The treacherous crossing made, her path was clear once more, but her strength was almost exhausted, and she could scarcely carry the weight of her wet clothing. Cold and pallid, she staggered into the station, and to the men who sprang to meet her she whispered, with

white and stiffening lips, "Boat on the rocks—above! The life-boat?"—and sank into a swoon like death.

Meanwhile, with a score of other women, I stood on the shore drenched with spray, watching the struggling vessel, which we momentarily expected to see go utterly to pieces.

A speck appeared to the northward. It grew larger—it drew nearer—now the outline became defined!

"The life-boat!" cried a dozen voices. How gallantly it bore down against that raging sea! Now, God have mercy! Would the schooner hold? We held our breath as a terrible sea rolled over her. But no!—as the wave subsided we could see the men still clinging to the ropes and spars. The life-boat reached her side—one by one the men were taken off—now they were pulling for the shore! Some of the women—Mrs. Arles among the rest—ran home to kindle fires and lay out changes of dry clothing.

My heart throbbed in my ears; I turned dizzy with excitement and exultation. "Emily! Emily!" I cried aloud, thinking almost more of the girl-savior than the saved. Ah! if I had known!

The boat reached the landing. One by one, the drenched, exhausted men were helped ashore. A strange, indefinable shock thrilled me at sight of the outline of the head and shoulders of the last comer. With a swift, involuntary motion I pressed nearer and—looked into the face of my husband!

There is not much more to tell; you, who have followed my little history, will understand that there are no words in which to describe a meeting like that!

My husband had succeeded, quite unexpectedly, in arranging his business so as to admit of his return a month sooner than he had anticipated. He had meant to cable me of this change of plan, but by a sudden impulse determined to sail unannounced. Arriving in port, he had chartered a little yacht with which he was acquainted, meaning to surprise us in our retreat, and carry us upon a homeward cruise "over the summer sea."

I think we could never have left N— without Emily. Her foster-mother had grown suddenly loth to part with the girl—now, at last, the heroine of all the coast—but we found a gilded key to her consent.

She, to whom, under God, we owe all the preciousness of home and living love, is with us still. If you had seen her in the old days you would not know her now. Her slender form has grown rounded and graceful, and her cheeks, once so thin and sallow, are bright with the glow of healthful youth. In the atmosphere of love and appreciation she has blossomed like a flower.

With this new and normal physical development, her strange visions have passed away. Since that day when she saw and—more marvelous still—*knew* the face of my husband upon the sinking vessel, she has never looked beyond the limits of our own every-day world. Whether or not the strange power she once possessed can exist only in connection with certain morbid physical conditions, I leave for the study of wiser heads than mine. I have stated facts, but, as I said in the beginning, I can attempt no explanation.

WOODS IN WINTER.

NO chilling winds through the bare branches blow,
 Along the frozen brook no breezes play,
 All cold and drifted lies the glistening snow
 Within the barren, pathless woods to-day.
 No voice of wind is there—no chirp of bird,
 No rustle even in the stirless air;
 No sound of life, from the chill distance heard,
 Mars this one hour of Nature's silent prayer.
 So calm it is, the heart seems nearer here
 To its eternal Master's; and a thrill
 As of some mighty Presence, hov'ring near,
 Seems all the sense with mystery to fill.
 E'en this deep silence on the listening ear
 Falls like a music from some finer sphere.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

"AT DR. LANDON'S."

By M. G. McCLELLAND.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

I NEVER was in service before, and I don't expect ever to be again. It was my first place, and I held it three years. I never will take another, although as things turned out I shall never cease to be thankful I took that.

The way it came about was this: My father was a small, well-to-do farmer back in the hill country, a man who had held his own and kept himself to himself and raised his family with honest, steady, self-reliant ways according to his lights. There had never been any need for us girls to go out into the world to earn a living, and father liked to see his children around him. Matilda, our eldest, a real pretty, clever girl, married when she was just turned eighteen, and her husband got the Western fever soon afterward and nothing would do him but to break up and move out to Colorado. Father was dead set against it, for his heart was wrapt up in Mattie—his prettiest daughter—almost as much as it was in Ben. Ben was the eldest of us all, and father had made out to give him a better education and a better start than the rest, although he did the best he could by all the children. We all were proud of Ben; he was a handsome, cheery fellow, and we girls—there were three of us besides Mattie—set a heap of store by Ben. When he took a notion that he could do big things by going into business in a place about fifty miles away called Mixton, and put at father to lend him money to start with a man named Lewis in the insurance business, we all took his part—mother and all of us—and beset father so about Ben's fortune that he was going to make, that father finally let him have the two thousand dollars he had saved up for the little one's schooling and start, and, although he was set against it, drew out a check for the money.

Things went well at first; Ben wrote cheerily of his prospects and paid up the interest regularly. Then Sallie, the girl just above me, was minded to go out West to Mattie, who kept writing for one of us to come. Father strained a point and let her go, and gave her money for an outfit and things proper. I was just nineteen, and Mary, the next girl, sixteen, when the trouble came. Below us were four boys, but they were children still, although two were big enough to help father considerably on the farm.

The trouble came along of Ben; but I am not going to tell what it was because that is nobody's business but ours; and it has always appeared to me a mighty mean and curious way for folks to do, to go gossiping and talking and blabbing things about their own people. I've never done it, and I don't hold with them as thinks it's no harm. All I am going to tell is that Ben was unfortunate in his business and that father was suddenly called upon to pay a large sum of money for him. There were people in plenty whom he had never injured who went out of their way to blame Ben, but we never did. We knew so well that Nathan Lewis, his partner, who skipped off to Canada before the crash came, and left poor Ben the bag to hold, was by far the most to blame. Ben might have been too confiding and careless, but that other man was a double-dyed rascal—that's what he was.

What would have happened if father hadn't paid the money I don't know, for business details are mysteries to me; but any way he did pay it, and in order to do it he had to put a mortgage on the farm. Poor Ben was so cast down about that and almost cried on mother's shoulder about it. He got free of the worst of his liabilities with the money father raised, and went out to Mattie, vowing to work like a slave and to leave no stone unturned to put father back where he was before.

Then a hard time set in on the farm. We turned and twisted and pinched and screwed, trying all we knew to get the whip hand of that mortgage. Father was a man who couldn't sit down comfortably and domesticate a debt, and mother was his match. We stopped hiring help except in a press, and father and the children worked the farm. Mother was still an active, bustling woman and Mary was turned sixteen, so I began to turn it over in my mind whether I couldn't be of more service to the family by going to the city and getting employment than by staying at home, with little or nothing to do, and making one more to be fed and clothed. I kept turning the idea over in my mind and brooding over it, until it broke the shell at last a fully developed purpose. I kept it to myself, however, until I'd made some inquiries and fixed my plans, for I didn't care to listen to all the home folks would have to

say against it, until the last minute, and my mind was set on having my way.

I wasn't smart enough to teach, for I had never loved my book much, being active in my disposition and too stirring to be much of a reader, like mother. I had picked up some knowledge at the public school close by us, and among other things I had learned that it wasn't in me to be a scholar any more than it had been in mother, so after awhile I slipped away from books and took up with active life. Anything like house-work I was fully up to, and I always was a famous hand with children. I could cook tolerably, but that wasn't what I liked, and I thought I'd rather have the care of children than anything else. Sara Ward, my cousin, was in service in the city, in an easy place with good wages, and I wrote and told her all about how it was with us and begged her to look out for a situation for me.

In less than a week the answer came. Sara had something that would just suit me, she said, and so let me know at once. The nurse at Dr. Landon's—the place where she was chamber-maid—was just leaving, and as soon as she got my letter she had spoken for the place for me. I would have the entire charge of two little boys, one five and the other three, and beyond the care of them and of my own room, my time would be my own. It was an easy place, and as Dr. Landon was very wealthy the wages were good. A quiet house, too; very little company or entertaining, as Mrs. Landon was in delicate health.

Of course, my folks were set against my going, but I talked mother over, and she managed father, so the upshot was that within a week's time I was on my way to the city, with a pot of country butter and a basket of fresh eggs in my hands, and in my heart a germ of homesickness about the size of a black-eyed pea, but with a healthy sprouting power.

As Sara had written, the place was good and the work light, so it wasn't many days before I was niched in comfortably and had the children fond of me. They were sweet little fellows, both of them, and Arthur, the baby one, was a beauty: he had big brown eyes, with a sad look in them, like an animal that's hurt, and trying to make you understand what ails him, and a shock of reddish-brown curls all over his dear little head. Freddy, the oldest, was a sturdier child, stronger and not so handsome—he took after his father, who was a tall, fine-looking, stately man. There were only three servants kept—Sara, the cook, and me. The cook was a nice woman, a widow named Mrs. Blake, but everybody called her by her first name, which was Nancy. She and Sara roomed together in

the back building, while I had my bed in a small room opening off the nursery, which opened on the other side into Mrs. Landon's chamber. It was a conveniently arranged house, and a handsome one.

Two weeks hadn't passed over my head in my new home before I began to suspect that there was something more out of the way with Mrs. Landon than delicate health, although it was better than a month before I found out what it was. She was a quiet lady, gentle and kind in her manner and easy to please about the work; she almost never found fault, and, indeed, appeared to take mighty little interest in her housekeeping and only spasmodically in her children, although the little things were fond of her in a way, too. She had been beautiful and was still very attractive looking, and far too young to have broken as she had done. The first thing I noticed amiss about her was her eyes, which never looked at you squarely, but were always dodging round the corner, as it were, to avoid meeting your gaze. Sometimes, however, she looked you full and blankly in the face, and the pupil appeared unnaturally dilated and the eyes had a look of not seeing anything. She was not an active lady, liking best to lie on the sofa in the parlor or her own room, with a book which I don't think she read—leastways, I watched her once and she didn't turn the page for half an hour by the clock, she just seemed to be dozy like. Nancy used to come to her for orders regular every day, but it didn't amount to much, and I soon found out that Nancy as good as kept the house herself. Nancy had lived with them ever since the Doctor married, and she was fond of them both, but specially of the Doctor, who had stood by her in a many a trouble long before she ever knew Mrs. Landon. Nancy would have stood in a pillory and been pelted with rotten cabages if it would have pleased the Doctor.

My mistress seemed to take a fancy to me from the first, I suppose along of my being something new and different. She was mighty kind to me, and used to come into the nursery and sit with me while I bathed the children or dressed them for their walk, and would ask me questions about home and our life on the farm, and seemed to take interest in hearing about the country and simple ways and doings. Seeing her so kind, I got led on, one day, into telling her about the trouble and the mortgage and father's anxiety to pay it off before I knew it. She cried a little, and I could not help but think what a feeling-hearted lady she was; and once she put her hand into her pocket, looking at me wistfully. I had got Arty in the tub, and was kneeling by him, letting him splash

and play, as babies love to do before settling down to the soberness of washing. I noticed a curious, baffled look flit over Mrs. Landon's face as she withdrew her hand from her pocket, and suddenly she unclasped a beautiful bracelet from her arm and put it in my hand, telling me, in a strange, sad way, that she was sorry for people in trouble and always wanted to help them—she had a great deal of trouble herself. She said I must sell the bracelet and take the money and send it to father for the mortgage. I was terribly flustered, but I had sense enough to see that it was out of the question for me to take such a thing as that, and I explained to the dear lady, as well as I could for my gratitude, that for a poor servant-girl to dispose of a valuable trinket like that would give rise to a suspicion of theft and Heaven only knew what besides, and that although I thanked her heartily for wanting to help me, she must not make me take the beautiful bracelet.

She patted my shoulder absently and said: "True, I did not think of the difficulty of selling the trinket. It is marked; I had forgotten that. I will bear your story in mind, child, and help you some other way."

Then she went away into her room without glancing at or thinking of the bracelet again. Arty had snatched it out of my hand and run his little foot through it and was splashing it up and down in the water, laughing to see how the diamonds shone and sparkled. I got it away from him after awhile, and when my mistress went out driving with the Doctor that evening I put it away in her jewelry-box.

Never in all my life have I seen such devotion as Dr. Landon showed to his wife. He seemed to be uneasy and anxious about her all the time, watching her like a baby and tending and caring for her. She always looked to be on his mind, no matter how he was driven with work and worry in his profession.

The children used to take their nap first in the short mornings, and then take a little run in the middle of the day before their early dinner, when the sun was nice and warm. The other nurse had gotten them into very good training, and I kept on with it, so they weren't much trouble. We had just started for our walk one bright, clear day, and I was shutting the door and helping Arty with his little wagon, when I saw one of those men that carry around cologne and cheap perfume on a tray turning in at the gate. I was just about shaking my head and telling him that I knew that my mistress had no use for any of his nasty stuff, when the parlor-window near me opened and Mrs. Landon said, very softly:

"Tell the man to come here, Kate. He looks cold and tired, and I will take some of his perfume. My bottles are all empty, and his cologne may be good."

It wasn't good, and I knew it, and the man did too, but he had heard what Mrs. Landon said, and so he shook and shivered like he'd fall to pieces, and dragged along toward the window as if he just could put one foot before the other. As he passed by me he winked horribly, and I knew then that his stuff was extra bad. We went out and up the street for our walk, leaving the man talking at the window, telling Mrs. Landon a pack of lies, I reckon, so as to induce her to waste her money on his rubbish. As we crossed the street two blocks away, I looked back and he was talking to her still.

It may have been a meddlesome thing to do, but I had such a curiosity to see what sort of stuff that cologne was, that I unstopped one of Mrs. Landon's toilet bottles the first chance I got and took a sniff at it. The flask was empty, and smelt strong of Florida water, and the perfume still in the other bottle I knew for white rose. I couldn't see anything of the cheap stuff anywhere, so I supposed my mistress had thrown it away.

Mrs. Landon was very delicate, and took a heap of medicine. Sometimes the Doctor would forget her drops, she said, and then she would give me a bottle wrapped in white paper to have filled for her at any drug store I happened to pass in my walks with the children. I was always to get what was labeled on the bottle, and if anything was said, was to tell that I got it for Dr. Landon, and give the address. They had no account anywhere, so I could get it where it was most convenient. The label was a hard, outlandish word, and I never was good at pronouncing hard names, so I would hand it to the clerk, and he would read it and fill the bottle. The stuff, whatever it was, cost a good deal, and once, when my mistress hadn't given me money enough, I had to make up the balance myself. It was a small bottle, holding about four ounces, and in the month I had it filled three times. The last time the clerk said, as he handed it over:

"You better be careful of this. There is enough opium in that stuff to put you to sleep for a thousand years. A tablespoonful of that physic would lock you so fast that old Gabriel would have to lumber on his rising horn pretty smartly to wake you."

I told Mrs. Landon what the clerk said, but she only smiled faintly, and said the medicine was not dangerous for her, she was used to it, and very careful. Then she told me not to

repeat the clerk's words in the kitchen, for fear of Nancy's getting scared and troubling Dr. Landon. I thought that strange, for the Doctor couldn't be worried by his own prescription, and she had told me the first time that the Doctor had forgotten her drops. However, I wasn't one to talk, and about this time my mind got distracted in another way, and that made me take less notice.

I had been in the city a month, and during that time had heard all about Sara's engagement to the grocery clerk around the corner of the block, and had met the young man several times. Sara was fixing to be married at odd times, and said she was going to name the day as soon as she had saved up enough of her wages to buy some furniture for the rooms John was going to rent to go to housekeeping in. I was mightily interested in it all, as girls will be, and the more so that I had got an admirer—as the ladies call 'em—of my own—Jim Blake, Nancy's only son, a likely young man, who attended to Dr. Landon's horses and garden, and helped around his office and dispensary down town. Jim was a proper spoken, nice young man, and mighty polite to me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

There was a deal of sickness in town, everybody said, and the Doctor was kept going almost night and day, and was less at home than usual. He looked thin and driven, used to snatch his meals most any how as to time, although Nancy would keep a lookout for him, and fix him up coffee and something hot and tasty any hour of the day or night he happened to come in. Nancy set a heap of store by the Doctor, and so did Jim. They said he was the best friend they ever had, and they never minded how much trouble they took for him. I used to think it was because he never exacted much, and was so considerate toward other folks. No matter how late he was getting home, or how tired, he always came into the nursery before going into his own room. I kept my door open mostly, so as to keep an eye to the little ones, and once or twice I saw him kneel down beside the little white beds and lay his head down on Freddy's pillow, and it seemed like he was praying. Usually he'd just stop to kiss and touch them in their sleep, to see that they were all right, and then would pass on to his own room with a sigh like a sudden gust shuddering through an empty house.

TO-MORROW.

BY L. R. BAKER.

BEAUTIFUL, beautiful, beautiful! the snowflakes flutter down
On the silent streets and the Gothic roofs and the spires of the stately town;
Out from a curtained window, away from the mellow light,
A laughing face turns gayly toward the blustering snowy night.
Two blue-black eyes are dancing to the joy of a merry tune:
How the sweet sleigh bells will jingle in the glow of the silver moon!

Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful! the streets that are dreary and old
Are wrapped in the mystical flowing veil, lost in a vestal fold:
Out from a blackened casement two gray eyes peer into the night,
Dark and dim with a wonderful pity they gaze on the flakes so bright;
A teardrop glistens and trembles, then falls on the cheek aglow:
Oh! to think of the weary footsteps plodding their way through the snow!

Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful! pure as an angel's breath,
The fluttering flakes of the falling snow softly rest on the scene of death:
Lovingly gracing a marble tomb that is guarding a mossy bed—
Decking with blossoms a wild-wood brier o'er a grave of the humble dead.
Sleep sweetly on, O blue-black eyes! though mortal's tears may fall,
Peace, peace, at last, O sad gray eyes! under a snowy pall.

BASIL BALLIOAN'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

BY CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE prospect was a dreary one enough, looking out from the great bay window of Basil Ballioan's library that night before Christmas, so long ago—a very, very dreary one. The streets, almost empty of people, were full of the furious footsteps of the boisterous wind—alive with the rough fingers of the searching snow-flakes—crowded and overflowing with the deadening breath of icy winter, and with the darkness which comes only when winter and storm reign triumphant over night.

Inside, the view was a cheerful one. There were long shelves filled with books—books for use and books for show; books in the most costly and showy of bindings, and books in the most ancient and faded and humble of garbs; books over which generations had laughed or wept, and books about which the critics were not yet done wrangling and fighting; books which had lifted their authors into sudden fame, and books so old that their authors were only names now, with a history hardly more than mythical and legendary; cheap books hardly dry yet from the press, and books whose very age made them priceless.

There were many paintings, and good ones, too, to be seen upon the walls. The furniture was full of hints regarding the taste and judgment of its owner and of more than hints regarding his wealth and his love of luxury.

Outside, the night, the cold, the storm. Outside, the darker side of the picture, with its suggestions of pain—privation—death.

Inside, warmth, wealth—the goodly promise of happiness and strength and long life.

One would have wondered at a man who would deliberately choose the night and the storm. One would have expected to see the owner of the books and the pictures (and of that of which they stood as signs and tokens) draw down his curtains, push his chair nearer the fire, and give himself up to enjoyment.

But Basil Ballioan was standing at the window. He was standing with his back to the light. There was a frown upon his face. Silent, motionless, apparently unthinking, he was looking out.

There are men who are always looking out instead of in!

There are men who stand with their backs to the light their whole lives long!

There came a light tap at the door.

"Come in," said Basil Ballioan, without turning his head.

"Dinner is ready, sir," said the servant, who had knocked.

"I will come soon," he answered.

The servant withdrew.

"Dinner," he muttered, and a little bitterly, under his breath—"dinner. And I must eat alone—alone; I, who could love friends and companions so well, alone—alone—alone. The dinner will be faultless; everything will be of the best; the servants will make no errors. And yet—yet—I had rather I had a crust—a crust and a pitcher of water—with a true friend to share it with me."

A man hurried down the almost empty and silent street. He was thinly clad, and he drew his ragged garments closer about him with his bare and shivering fingers as a more violent blast than had before fought against his progress hurled itself like an angry living barrier across his path. He glanced about him furtively; he seemed full of a doubt as to his right to even the storm-swept street and the night.

Basil Ballioan shivered—shivered as the man had done. He raised the window, full of a sudden impulse which he did not stop to question. He tossed a coin—a yellow coin and not a small one—down at the feet of the man below. And the slouching fellow caught it up as a wild beast might have caught at its prey, and hurried away faster than before. And Basil, as he closed the window, caught the sound of a curse carried upon the bleak wind—a curse that his gift had not been greater.

Basil shrugged his shoulders, and the frown upon his face deepened. But he laughed softly to himself as he watched the ungrateful wretch disappear in the darkness. A fellow-feeling existed between them, after all; the hurrying man had something the same feeling toward the world that Basil Ballioan had. Indeed, Basil was hardly sure that the good which Providence had given him did not stir his heart to anger and complaint that it was not more.

"Alike—alike," he muttered; "I should know that fellow for a man by the words he said and the way he went. They are all alike—all. I—I wonder—"

He paused for a little.

Then he drew down the curtains impatiently,

walked nervously across the room, halted for a moment with his hand upon the door-knob, then said, with a surly resolution:

"I will do it; I will surely do it."

And he sealed his resolution, whatever his resolution might be, as forcibly and inelegantly as the man he had befriended had sealed his gratitude.

He hurried down-stairs.

As he passed the door of the dining-room the servant who had announced dinner came out to speak to him again.

"Mr. Ballioan, sir, dinner has been ready some time, and I am afraid—"

"Never mind," replied the gentleman; "I will be there soon. I am waiting for a friend."

"Waiting?" cried the astonished servant, amazed that his lonely and misanthropic master had said nothing of so strange an event as this would be; "waiting? For—a—a—"

"For a friend; I said that," replied Ballioan.

The servant above him laughed—laughed as silently and mirthlessly as Ballioan himself had laughed at the curse the wind had brought to his ears.

"For a friend, a friend! where would he find a friend?" he whispered to himself.

The master, hurrying down the broad staircase, did not laugh. He looked back suspiciously, but the servant's back was turned, and his attitude was solemn and decorous enough. Ballioan's frown deepened. Perhaps he felt that his man might laugh; possibly he knew that his remark had been one to provoke laughter. Unconscious of what the servant was saying above, he repeated the words below:

"A friend, a friend!" he said, bitterly, "where would I find a friend?"

He threw open the front door; he stood on the threshold, the wind and snow playing fantastic tricks with his hair and his garments.

"The first man," he said—"the very first man."

A man came slowly down the street—neither young nor old, neither well dressed nor very shabby, neither handsome nor homely, neither attractive nor repulsive; he would have passed almost unnoticed in a crowd; one would have given his face no second glance. Meeting him, there was little in his outward appearance to excite pity, nothing to cause envy. If he had a history, an active brain, a sensitive heart, he wore his face well. If—

But he was opposite Ballioan's door now.

Ballioan stepped quickly out and half way down the steps.

"Good evening," he said.

"Good evening," returned the stranger, and

he drew away from the steps a little. And it may be that Ballioan's heart would have quickened its pace a little, despite the cold air and Ballioan's *ennui*, had Ballioan known just what the man he had halted held in his hand for a minute or two while he watched Basil and waited.

"Will you dine with me?" asked Ballioan.

"Will—I—I—" began the stranger.

"Will you dine with me? I am alone. Tomorrow is Christmas—"

"Is it? I had forgotten. It is a long time since my boyhood, and there have been no Christmas times for me since—"

"Never mind that; dine with me to-night."

"Do—do you mean it?"

"Mean it! of course I do."

"Without any trickery or treachery?"

"Truly, on my honor. You will be my guest. Hospitality is a sacred bond, and—"

"Bah! don't prate to me. I've lived too long for that sort of thing to count with me; but I dare dine with you, and I will."

"Thank you." And Ballioan offered his hand.

The man drew back. Ballioan's manner had excited his suspicion.

"Do you usually invite strangers in from the streets?" he asked.

"No, I usually dine alone."

"Ah! is that true? Where are your friends?"

The frown had been gone from Ballioan's face for a little. It settled down there again, darker and more full of pain than ever before.

"I don't know that I have a friend in the world," he said.

"And—so—"

"And so I want your friendship."

"Yes?" questioningly and doubtingly; "I thought that money could buy all things—friendship, honors, love"

He was looking past Ballioan into the house.

Ballioan was looking out at the night; he covered his face with his hands.

"You—you do not know," he gasped. "There are some things which money will not buy," and he groaned aloud.

The stranger came up the steps.

"He may be mad, perhaps," he said to himself, "but—"

He looked Ballioan full in the face.

"I dare dine with you," he said, "and I will. What can you do to harm me? what should I fear. I was on my way to the wharves. Had you not stopped me I should be dead and drifting seaward by this time. I will dine with you."

CHAPTER II.

It was a strange dinner-party, a very strange one. Ballioan was too used to silence to talk much or easily. The servants moved like shadows, always ready when needed, always where they were needed, always courteous and respectful—even to the guest their master had bidden in from the streets.

As for the guest, he ate like a famished animal, hardly lifting his eyes from his food. His hand trembled as he ate his soup—trembled so much that he spilled some of it upon the snowy cloth and upon the rich carpet. His hunted-looking eyes were raised long enough when that happened to mutely crave the pardon he could not spare the time to ask for in words.

As the stranger did justice to course after course, closely watched by the amused and cynical Ballioan, who merely toyed with the food himself, he became more and more a man. He grew straighter and seemingly taller; his hands lost their trembling uncertainty; his eyes grew brighter; the warmth of fire without and food within whipped his lagging heart to sturdy action. He seemed to forget his past, his future, himself. It was a glorious dream, this—a dream of food and home and comfort, much such a dream as his last night have been had he and his life and the tide run out together into the night and sea, or as it would have been had he found a quiet corner in some church-porch to die in.

"A dream," he muttered to himself.

"But a glorious one?" queried Ballioan, with a smile.

"Yes, a glorious one."

The stranger finished his dessert. He moved his chair back from the table.

"I am glad," said Ballioan.

"It makes me forget," said the stranger.

"Forgetfulness is good," sighed Ballioan; "would that I too could forget. Do you think that there can be forgetfulness in—in—"

"Well?" asked the stranger, as Ballioan paused.

"In the grave? In death?"

"I do not know. God knows. But for you I should have known ere now. Perhaps by to-morrow night I—"

"No, no," cried Ballioan, half rising to his feet.

The lips of the stranger moved for a minute or two, though no sound came from them, and the tears stood in his eyes.

After a little, he spoke.

"I—I hope not. You have given me courage and life. I have almost forgotten where I was going when you called me in."

"Yes."

"And—and—"

"Well? And what else?"

"It is hard to say some things. You craved my friendship. You have won my regard. You have caught me back from death. I would take your hand in friendship, but friendship should be frank. Let me say that I had almost forgotten my misery, almost forgotten that I had not tasted food for forty-eight hours; and you, in turn, be forgetful and magnanimous, I pray you, and remember no longer that I have hinted that I had anything else to forget."

"I cannot," said Ballioan, firmly; "and I will not. What other misery is there for you to forget?"

"Do not ask me," pleaded the stranger.

"I do and will."

"Have mercy."

Ballioan shook his head.

"What more would you forget?" he demanded.

"That—that—"

The stranger began boldly enough. But he broke down utterly. He bowed his head upon the table. He wept as though his heart would break.

"Well?"

Ballioan's voice was cool and calm and even. He was merciless in his manner. Perhaps he had a half-formed idea of probing to the very bottom of the wounds the world had made in this man's life; possibly he meant to cure them when he knew the worst, forgetting his own late heart-cry that gold could not buy everything.

"That—that—"

The man raised his head desperately, doggedly, determinedly.

"You've earned the right to ask, I suppose. I would have liked to remain here a little longer, but I suppose I can go. I would have liked your friendship very much, rather than your scorn. I have it left to say that—that—"

"Yes. Well? Go on."

"That I killed a man last night!"

Ballioan sprang to his feet. He was white as death. He came around the table and stood facing the stranger, and close to him. He was eager. It was only by a great effort that he kept from hurrying. His voice trembled in spite of himself as he put his questions with enforced slowness.

"You killed a man?"

"I said so. I did kill a man."

"In self-defense?" There was something like hope in Ballioan's voice.

"No."

"In sudden passion?"

"No."

Balloan laid his hand on the stranger's shoulder. His touch was as gentle as a woman's. "Why, then?" he whispered.

"For revenge; I had followed him for years."

Balloan said nothing. He did not move. The confession seemed to have turned him to stone.

The stranger looked up at last, when the silence had lasted until it seemed to make the very air thick and stifling. He saw something in Balloan's face which he had not expected, something which he had not dared hope for. Balloan was not his accuser. Balloan would not be his betrayer. Balloan pitied him—pitied him—pitied him; that was all.

"Shall I tell the rest?" asked the stranger.

"Yes"

"There was a woman—"

"Yes," groaned Balloan, "there always is."

"And the villain married her."

"Yes," breathed Balloan; "and what was she to you?"

"Did I not say? She was my sister."

"Ah! And he married her?"

"Yes, and I forgave him. She was lovely and lovable; there was excuse for his winning her—if he could—scoundrel though he was. I forgave them both."

"And then?"

"And then he deserted her. Another face took his fancy. He left her in poverty and wretchedness."

"And you determined on vengeance?"

"No, I forgave him again. My sister knew his reputation when she married him; it was fitting that she should grumble at no results which she might have foreseen. Besides, the woman he left her for was the loveliest one I ever knew; I saw her once; I do not much wonder that a man would sell his soul for her."

"And after that?"

"After that, failing to win the woman he so much wished to wrong, he came back to his home again. He abused his wife shamefully. She was savagely beaten again and again."

"And you killed him for it?"

"No, I did not. What else could she expect? It would have been unjust to kill him for being the brute he had always been."

"But you say you killed him?"

"Yes, and I did. It was only last night. It is not yet twenty-four hours ago. I caught him alone. I knew his handsome, crafty, cruel face at once, though I had not seen him for years. He was well dressed, as he had always been. He wore jewels, as he always had. And I—I had spent all—all—everything I had ever owned—in my search for him. Do you wonder I took his life?"

"But you had forgiven so much."

"I had forgiven much; but when he called my sister's good name in question, when he trailed her reputation in the dust, I forgave no more. I did not kill him in sudden passion. When he stole her marriage certificate and said that she had never been his legal wife I swore I would have vengeance. And I had it last night. I suppose the country will ring with the news of this most mysterious murder by to-morrow; the papers will be full of it. Never mind; your dinner has given me courage. I love life again, now that starvation has been put away for a little time from me; and I have my dear dead sister's marriage certificate now and can prove that she was only unfortunate, not wicked. I took it from him last night."

"I suppose he fought for its possession?"

"No; I cannot plead self-defense if I am ever accused of this crime."

"He undoubtedly refused it, at least?"

"No; I did not even ask him for it. He met me frankly and greeted me kindly. He remembered how much I had forgiven, and forgot that I had anything which I would not forgive. I struck him down when his hand was stretched out to take mine. I shall never forget the look which came into his face when he knew he had met his fate at last, and at my hands."

"But you said you had hunted him for years. I do not understand your story."

"Nor do I myself. He had certainly been in hiding, else I had found him earlier and more easily. But he did not seem frightened when I found him. I do not understand; and now—"

"And now?" repeated Balloan.

"And now he can never tell," said the stranger.

"And now I pity you," said Balloan. Then Basil reached out his hand and clasped that of his guest.

"You—you give me friendship?" cried the guest.

"Friendship and pity," responded Balloan.

"And take my hand?"

"And take your hand," replied Balloan, smiling bitterly; "the world would say it was fitting that I should, no doubt."

"The world?"

"My world, or the world that once was mine; my friends, or those who, though once friends, have not touched my hand or spoken to me for ten long years."

"And why?"

"Because—it was—thought—that—I—I—"

"Well?" said the stranger. Confession gives the one who has used it his manhood again, perhaps; at any rate, Balloan's guest was as

ready to demand, and as merciless, as Balloian himself had been.

There was a long pause.

"Well?" said the stranger again; "it was thought that—"

"*That I killed a man!*"

"Ah! in self-defense?"

"No."

"In sudden passion?"

"No."

"Why, then?"

"For revenge. He loved the woman who was my promised wife. They said I flung him over the cliffs into the sea in a fit of jealousy."

"And you did not?"

The stranger looked squarely into his host's eyes. Taken, all in all, it was a strange scene.

"*And I did not!*" said Balloian.

The stranger looked at him for a minute in silence. Then he spoke.

"I believe you," he said.

"Thank you," he replied, brokenly; "you are the first one who ever did."

"But you were acquitted? They proved you innocent?"

"The jury acquitted me. My lawyer's eloquence saved me. But the evidence, it was horrible; the evidence was all against me."

"And your friends grew cold toward you?"

"Not my friends. I had no friends left. My lawyer himself told me that he believed me guilty."

"And the woman you loved?"

"She believed it, too. She lives here, in this great city, within fifteen minutes' walk of my door. I have seen her, week after week, month after month, year after year, for ten long, weary, dragging years, growing paler, thinner, and sweeter withal—and yet her eyes have never met mine in all this time. I have sometimes heard her voice—singing some sad and plaintive song, perhaps—when I have stood in the streets before her home in the dark nights; and she has had no word for me in all this time. I have grown sour and surly, but do you wonder? One glance and one word from her would undo all that. My heart has been slowly breaking all these years; and hers, under an even more terrible load than mine has been, has been breaking, too. I have had all that money could buy—all; even freedom and life have come my way by virtue of the power of gold. But no one has passed into this house for ten long years, save as his services have been paid for, except yourself." Balloian paused.

The clangor of the bells rang through the wild night!

It was twelve o'clock. Christmas Day had come!

And following close upon the midnight telling bells came a more shrill clamor—a brazen voice through the night. It was the horrible tale of devastation they had to tell—

Fire! Fire! Fire!

CHAPTER III.

NO WORD was needed by either. With one accord they turned away from the remains of the dinner over which they had lingered. As though moved by one common will they hurried to the fire.

A huge old house, standing out in the suburbs and still surrounded by its wide lawn and stately trees, as though defying the encroachments of the city. This was the house which destruction was claiming for its own that stormy Christmas midnight.

The firemen were already there and hard at work when the two panting men came to the swiftly gathering crowd.

"She—she lived there," gasped the stranger.

"Yes, she lives there," assented Balloian.

"I—I—don't understand you," said the stranger.

"I mean the woman I was to have married; this is her home. What do you mean?"

"I—I— What do I mean? Tell me, who was it came between you and the woman you loved? Tell me quick, man, what was his name?"

"Barton Granderson."

"Barton Granderson! I thought you said he was killed. I—I—"

"The evidence went to prove that he was drowned. They never found the body, and—"

There was a sudden cry of horror from the crowd. A woman stood at one of the windows, high up under the blazing roof.

"My darling!" cried Balloian.

"The woman I saw and of whom I told you."

Balloian sprang forward. His foot slipped on the icy walk. Down he went, his ankle too seriously sprained to allow him to rise without help.

One moment the stranger was down on his knees beside Balloian. The next he was in the burning building. And he had said only this:

"I will bring her out to you; I swear I will. And I always keep my word."

He brought her back! He did keep his word. He shielded her from the flames. She had hardly a trace of injury upon her.

But he—

He was burned and blackened beyond recognition. Half his clothing was consumed. His sight was almost gone. He could only speak in gusty, panting whispers. He beckoned for

Balloian, who was assisted to the side of the dying man.

"I—I kept my word. And I tell you the equal truth now. I lost the wallet and the certificate in yonder, in there where my clothes were burned away, *but I had it!* As I hope for forgiveness, *I—swear—my—sister—was—Barton—Granderson's—wife!*"

And looking down on the dead face of his Christmas evening guest, Basil Balloian did not doubt it.

CHAPTER IV.

AND SO—

Basil Balloian and a half dozen of those who had been his friends in the past, together with the woman he loved, stood by the side of the murdered man before his burial, and identified the one who would otherwise have rested in a nameless grave.

And so—

Balloian had his friends again and his bride in due time.

And so—

Fate, or Providence, had its kindly way, after all.

And so—

The only secret that Basil Balloian has from his wife is the secret of Barton Granderson's crime and its terrible expiation.

And so—

The memory of the man who saved to Basil Balloian all that made life worth living is the memory of one whose identity must be unknown until the last great day.

And so—

If you, kind reader, shall find pleasure in the question, "*What if Balloian hadn't invited the man to dinner!*" you are welcome to your speculations, your doubts, your conclusions.

A SOUTHERN ADVENTURE.

BY SIDDIE P. SMITH.

WHEN I was first married my husband's business was in New Orleans, and there we set up our Lares and Penates and began our happy household life together.

As my own birthplace was in the North, all things in my new home were to me novel and delightful, with a few exceptions, the principal one of which was the lack of the clear, cold water, fresh from the deep well of my old Northern home. Vainly I sought to accustom myself to the lukewarm rain-water, which failed to relieve my thirst, or endeavored to find relief in the use of ice-water, which only aggravated the case. Many a night I dreamed of drinking the sparkling water fresh from the dripping bucket of the old well at home, until I would awake and almost cry with thirst and homesickness. But gradually this passed away to a certain degree, and by various devices I succeeded in enduring what never ceased to be a privation.

In common with most other houses there, ours was provided with a great cistern under the house, capable of containing a large amount of water and provided with means of filtering for household use. But to me this seemed altogether an unfit way to provide water for drink, shut away from the light and air in great subterranean tanks, in quantities never exhausted, and, although necessity compelled us to use water direct from the clouds, I determined that

I would at least have it measurably fresh. So my husband had a great tank, holding several hogsheads of water, brought and placed in the garden at the back of the house and provided with a hinged cover, divided into two parts, which could be lifted to clean or ventilate the cistern. This was also constructed on a plan calculated to keep the water as cool as possible without sinking it in the ground, and provided with pipes to convey it to the "pump-room" of the house. In this way my aversion to the water was somewhat overcome.

In placing this bulky concession to my prejudices, it became necessary to have it stand directly under the window of my room, to the sill of which it almost reached. But to this I did not in the least object, as it enabled me to reach with ease the limbs of our finest orange-tree, and also, as I informed my husband, gave me an opportunity to see that the cistern was frequently opened for ventilation.

"Um!" responded my dear Jack; "it strikes me it affords an excellent opportunity for burglars, if they only knew it!"

"But they don't, you know, Jack," was my reply, "and, besides, the area gate is always kept locked and Bruno is in the basement?"

"Yes, I suppose it is safe enough. Looks uncommon pretty out here among your posey beds, don't it, Kit?" laughs Jack.

For my bit of a garden had been my pet and pride, giving Jack, as he declared, "only a divided heart."

But I stoutly declared that I did not care, I would cover it with vines and make it cooler, so no more could be said.

But sometimes when I was alone at night, for my husband's business often kept him away late, his words would recur to me a little unpleasantly.

Several months went by, and nothing occurred to disturb the "even tenor of our way," until one day Jack came home in a hurry to tell me that he had been summoned away from the city in great haste, and must make the utmost speed to get the first train out.

"Just throw a few necessities together for me, won't you, Katydid?" said he, "in case I should be detained more than one night. It will be lonely for you here, won't it, pet? Better get Belle Lemar to come over and stay with you, hadn't you? or you go and stay with her. Not that you will be afraid. I know my brave little woman better than that, and you have Linda here, too; but I suspect you will miss your big bear of a husband unless you get some one to chatter to you, and Belle can do that, to your utmost desire?"

"Well, I'll see," I replied; "only I will not go away from home. I never feel secure to leave the house alone."

"Anyway, take good care of yourself, love," said Jack; "never mind the rest!" And then, with a last kiss and good-bye, I was left alone.

But somehow I did not feel like hearing the merry chatter that Jack had proposed. I preferred bearing my loneliness in my own way.

Having myself fastened the house securely, Linda and I carried the silver from the sideboard to my own room, and I went to bed as usual; but my sleep was fitful and unrefreshing, and I was glad when the first tints of morning told me that the night was ended.

The next day a brief note from Jack informed me that he would be obliged to remain from home another night, and possibly two. This I told Linda as she came for orders for dinner, and as I glanced up at her I caught a peculiar gleam from her eyes that gave me a feeling of distrust and dislike.

I had never really liked her, but she seemed willing and capable, so I did not think it wise to give her up for what seemed a mere chance prejudice. It was to this previous feeling that I finally attributed the sensation of distrust that I had felt, and I therefore put it aside.

Night drew near again, and I thought I would ask Belle to come and stay with me. But I am not a timid woman: my "strong nerves have

always been a subject of envy among my female friends; so finally, concluding to devote a long evening to bringing up my arrears in correspondence, I took the usual precautions in fastening the premises and sought my own room, where I felt more cozy and secure than in the larger rooms below.

Engaged in my pleasant duty, the time slipped rapidly away, and as I closed the last envelope the tiny bell of my mantel-clock chimed out eleven clear strokes. Surprised at the lateness of the hour, for I did not feel in the least sleepy, I arose and took down my hair and brushed it out preparatory to retiring, but still felt as if I could not sleep. My eyes seemed preternaturally alert and my ears sensitive to the slightest sound.

I had been reading a book that interested me very much, and it occurred to me that now would be the very time to finish it. I knew exactly where I had left it lying on the library table, so, not stopping to take a light, I ran softly down the stairs and entered the library.

As I crossed the room a slight noise attracted my attention, and as I paused to listen, the subdued murmur of voices caught my ear, sounding close at hand.

Going noiselessly to the long French-window, I swung it softly open and stepped out upon the veranda. Directly under this was Linda's room, and, as I leaned over the railing, the voices were almost at my ear.

Below me a slight rustling of the vines that wreathed the veranda and gave me shelter from any watching eye betrayed the presence of some one near.

The night was dark and still. The street-sounds had softened into silence. Through the midnight hush the first words I caught were in Linda's unmistakable tones:

"Done up in one of my blue *checkered* aprons. Reach right into the hollow behind the high headboard and the wall and you will feel it."

Great Heaven! brave or not, these words sent my heart into my throat, and a chill from the crown of my head to the soles of my slippers; for that night, when Linda and I had gathered up the silver from the sideboard, she had taken it all up in her big blue apron, and as I was in a hurry to get to my writing, I had said:

"Never mind, Linda, putting it away carefully; I will just leave it rolled up in your apron as it is, and put it here at the head of the bed."

Before this I had never let her know where I put my valuables, and she did not now know the hiding-place of anything but the silver in common use. But that was of considerable value, an object certainly to her, and very much more

than I felt willing to donate to my precious servant and her confederate.

After the first flash I was more angry than afraid. Breathlessly I leaned forward to hear what would come next.

"Hark!" said a man's voice, in a hoarse whisper, "what if somebody should be around?"

"No danger," responded Linda. "Mississleeps clear to the other side of the house and there's nobody else. They depend on Bruno. But, laws! Bruno won't touch nobody when I'm around to keep him quiet."

"Well, then, it's time I was at it! Jess t'other side of the house you say her room is? Lots easier to have you leave open a window, as if it was accident, you know."

"Oh! no! Miss Kate and me go together every night to lock up everything. She'd know if a door or window wasn't fast."

"Powerful easy to settle her so she won't tell no stories," came the hoarse voice.

"No, Pete, you've got to promise you won't, on no account, hurt Miss Kate, or I'll put a stop to your doing anything. Mind now!"

"Mighty tender-hearted, aint ye? How long since ye got so?"

"I don't care; Miss Kate is good to me. Only last week she gave me that blue silk dress to make over."

Mentally thanking the blue silk dress for the happy result of its exchange of owners, I waited for their next remarks.

"All right; I don't want to hurt her, unless she kicks up a fuss and gets me in danger of being nabbed!"

"No, you mustn't say 'unless' anything! Promise, solemn, that you will run if she wakes, and not touch her."

"You're a fool, Linda; but I'll promise, if you feel so particular. Now, you're sure the window will be open, and I'm to go up the orange-tree—?"

"Yes, yes—you know where it is. Now you wait here till I run up-stairs and see if she is sure asleep! Now master is gone, I sleep in a little room close to hers; so if she hears a little noise she'll think it's me. In a minute I'll come back and let you know; then I must go to bed, so that I will be there if she calls. We don't want them to suspect I had anything to do with their silver being carried off!"

"That's so," came the answer, with a subdued laugh. "You're mighty smart, Linda, that's a fact. Now, hurry up!"

In an instant I had turned and sped to my room. Scarcely had I reached it and turned the key in the door, when I heard a low rustle outside, then a low voice:

"Missis! Miss Kate! did you call me?"

"Is that you, Linda?" I asked.

"Yes, Miss Kate. I thought you called me."

"No," I said, "but I am glad you came. I will unlock the door in a moment."

Hastily tumbling the bed as if I just got up, I opened the door.

"Linda," I said, "I seem to be having bad dreams to-night, and I feel uneasy about my silver. I believe we will put it somewhere else. You come and hold the light, and we will take it into the empty room beyond the bath-room."

Rubbing her eyes and yawning, as if just aroused from sleep, Linda obeyed. The room referred to extended beyond mine, with the bath-room between, opening into both, and I used it now only as a sort of store-room, to contain my trunks and such articles as I seldom used.

Entering this, I looked about for a moment; then, dropping the silver in the corner behind the door, I swung open the door against it, and saying, laughingly, "There, Linda! I don't believe burglars will look here!" we left the room.

"Now, I hope I shall sleep better," I said. "So you can go to bed again, and I will do the same."

I knew that she would go at once to report the new hiding-place to her confederate; so, extinguishing my light, I was in a moment again flying down the stairs, and was in my place behind the vines of the veranda almost as soon as she was again at the window of her room.

The game was beginning to get exciting. I waited impatiently for the next move.

I heard her make her report, and the angry exclamations of the man at the delay; then Linda said, "Don't swear, Pete! Miss Kate was powerful sleepy. She'll be off in no time. I'll go right up, and you wait here till you hear the clock in my room strike twelve, then if I don't come back, you can be sure it is all right, and go along."

In a moment my way to outwit the plotters was clear to me. Again I fled to my room through the darkness. Listening intently, I soon heard Linda's heavier footstep, heard her come to my door and pause a few moments, then go on to her own room.

Then I lit a taper, took a pitcher in my hand, and went to her door.

"Linda!" I called.

No reply.

"Linda!" again.

"Yes, missis! "Did you call?"

The tones were thick with slumber, and her eyes heavy, as she came into the hall.

"Yes," I answered, "I want some fresh water from the pump-room. I will go with you to get it."

Poor Linda looked wicked at this new complication. I am afraid the blue silk dress almost lost its charms. But she took the pitcher and went with me.

Arriving there, she stepped to the sink with the pitcher. In an instant I had closed the door, turned the key, and Miss Linda was my prisoner!

Then she screamed to her Pete. But as the house was large, the pump-room on the opposite side of the house from where that gentleman waited, and, being an interior sort of closet, unprovided with any outlet, except the door which I had just closed, I had little fear that her muffled tones would reach him, especially as there were several closed doors between them.

So I left her to scream it out, while I returned to my room.

Then I set the taper where the shadows would obscure my face, and hastily covered myself in bed.

I had hardly accomplished this, when the bell of my clock chimed twelve! One little hour since I closed my last letter, calm and composed. Now, though my courage did not falter, I lay, with my nerves strung tight, and my heart beating rapid strokes, awaiting my ordeal. I had no revolver, no knife, for defense in case of need, but grasped tight in my hand under the bed cover I held a long, slender-bladed pair of scissors, sharp as a stiletto.

Presently a slight sound broke the silence, and I saw through my half closed eyes the form of a man upon the window-sill. Pausing, he gazed at me intently for a few moments, then,

apparently satisfied by my carefully regulated breathing, he entered the room and went with cat-like tread across to the opposite door. Now was the opportunity for which I had planned. As soon as he entered the bath-room my bed was out of his sight. In a breath I was on my feet. Three steps to the window, the cistern cover swung softly over on its hinges, and when the man stepped furtively back with his plunder, I lay quietly breathing, as before.

But just as he had almost reached the window, I turned wakefully in the bed, and called: "Who is there?"

The result was as I had anticipated. He gave a swift leap upon the sill, there was a sudden splash!—and the Bastille could not have held him more securely.

The water chanced to be very low, so I knew he was in no danger of drowning; and as the ludicrous side of the adventure presented itself, I lay there and laughed till I cried.

Splashes and oaths innumerable rent the silence, but I knew it was all in vain, so I closed the window and remained in comparative peace until morning, when, to my great joy, Jack came home in the early dawn, and took the rest of my trouble off my hands.

Our prisoner of the cistern turned out to be a notorious thief, and both he and Linda received due justice for their crime.

Jack made no end of laughing at my "burglar traps," but the cistern was moved, and Jack says he will never, *never* leave me alone all night again.

ELIZA STONE'S TEMPTATION.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

TOM opened the door when that soft tap! tap! had been repeated three or four times, and they before the bright hall-fire which seemed in its merry crackling to rejoice that it was a bitter night without, had come to the conclusion that the tapping was not produced by a branch of the big elm swaying in the wind.

"Why," he ejaculated, "it is a woman!"

She had taken a step in toward the warmth and light, toward the beautifully dressed old lady with hair arranged in a past fashion of silvery curls bunched up on each side of a still delicately molded face; toward a sparkling-eyed girl, who, crouched upon a tiger-skin spread on

the old, dark floor, held a screen of peacock-feathers between her soft cheek and the red glare of the grate.

The woman, standing on the threshold, with snow dotting her shoulders and melting through her hair, took in the scene, and a pang went to her heart; she had never enjoyed anything like this; her life had been one of renunciation; much had been denied her, even speech and hearing, and poor, and with few avenues open before her, her days had not been any too cheerful. And here she was a wanderer in the night, coming to this house of luxury, where were clustered all the gifts the gods provide for a few favorites of fortune.

Tom's mother arose, rustling, from her low velvet chair.

"Is she begging?" Give her some money, poor thing!"

The pretty girl had also risen and stood upon the tiger-skin.

"I think she is not a beggar," she said. She had read something in the look of the new-comer which neither of the other two had interpreted.

As though to make her words oracular, the poorly clad, pinch faced, silent one took a tablet from her pocket, and with stiffened fingers wrote upon it:

"My name is Eliza Stone. I am a deaf mute. I have no home. I should like to do plain sewing, anything that will secure me shelter."

Mildred read it aloud. Mrs. Ash had sunk back into the velvet chair again.

"Mother, don't send her out in the cold night," Tom cried—"a struggling sewing-woman."

His mother regarded him carefully; she knew why his sympathy was keener than her own; why that "sewing-woman" had been tacked on to his words of commiseration. Had Mildred Hillary never entered the house, would he have discovered such an interest in "sewing-women"? And she regretted that Mildred ever had entered the house. It was different, of course, when Mildred's father had been a successful merchant and she and Tom had been youthful playmates; but when Hillary's great smash-up came and he died of heart-break, and his daughter had smatterings of beautiful accomplishments, none of which she could turn to practical account, and after a month's visit to her dead mother's friend, Mrs. Ash, had asked if she might remain until she could get engagements as sempstress, there was nothing for that mother's friend to do but to accede graciously; for she was not a hard woman, only an ambitious one for Tom, who was then reading law in the city and came home from Saturday until Monday.

His mother feared that Tom would like Mildred only too well, and that would never do; for Tom had little enough of this world's goods, and the only way for him to make a rise in his difficult profession was to win a wealthy wife with extensive social connections who would advance her husband's interests as a socially successful woman can do. She almost knew who was the woman who should accomplish all this—even Sara Douglas, Judge Douglas's daughter, who made so much of Tom. For Tom was a handsome, young, and talented fellow, a kindly, good soul, and many a maiden thought of him.

But Mildred came, and Tom passed his ex-

amination and had his tin behind the window of an office which he called his, and Sara Douglas was forgotten and Mildred Hillary—well, Mildred Hillary and he had a little, quiet understanding of which his mother was not ignorant, but which she with great positiveness denied to herself. She could not treat Mildred as an aggressor, she did not dislike her, and she knew that the least coldness on her part would only make Tom warmer and more heroic. She could only plan a little visit from Sara Douglas, with all her magnificence; then Tom should see the difference between success and its opposite—ambition would do what she was powerless to try. She had been planning this evening, when she had sat in the fire-glow and been told of the snow-storm outside and witnessed Mildred's and Tom's merriment, how Tom should take the sleigh in the morning and go and meet Sara at the station, so she was scarcely in a condition to get up a very great enthusiasm over deaf mutes in search of plain sewing.

Tom had closed the door, and he and Mildred and Eliza Stone looked at her.

"Oh! ah!" she roused herself; "of course, she had better stay to-night—of course."

The woman appeared to read the tenor of her speech, for she colored slightly, and Mildred saw that she was young—plain of face, but young; and youth had such sympathy for its kind.

"I think she asks for work, not charity," advanced Mildred, a little rise in her tone.

Mrs. Ash noticed the tone.

"Yes?" she said. "Well"—for Tom was frowning, thus could Mildred influence him—"let her stay on her own terms. Would you mind showing her to a comfortable room, where she may rest? Now that Sara Douglas is coming, I shall have little time to do anything. This woman can help you, Mildred."

It was a thrust which told, and she saw Tom start. Mildred had turned and smiled on the woman and motioned her to follow her.

Up in her own room, Eliza Stone thought: "The girl is named Mildred Hillary—it is marked on the handkerchief she lent me; she is in love with this lady's son; she is already quite like a daughter here. What a glorious life is hers! And mine! Would they care to know that I, a deaf mute, may have a heart as full of feeling as any of theirs? would they care to know that a man without a voice, without hearing, has come my way and is fond of me? would they not think it a wild, and almost wicked, thing for him and me to marry?—that it is a flying into the face of Providence for us to grieve because we are so poor and helpless that we must remain apart? would they care to know that we have agreed to separate for an indefinite time,

until we have tried to earn between us enough to establish a little shop, where he may make boots and shoes, as he learned to make them in the asylum, and if we do not earn the money we shall never come together? Oh! the joy of life for this Mildred Hillary—beautiful, elegant, beloved by a wealthy man!"

But Eliza Stone should have altered her opinion of Mildred Hillary's joy of life after Tom had gone, with jingling sleigh-bells, and brought home the magnificent judge's daughter, in her priceless furs and ease conferred by wealth.

His mother had planned wisely, and Sara required a deal of attention and dazzled Tom with a feverish appreciation of his rare talents. It was said that her father had made as good a lawyer of her as he was himself, and she talked with Tom about trover and reversion and all the rest of it as no woman had ever talked with him before, and let him see the keenness of a mind that was dazzlingly veiled under an exterior of superior loveliness.

Mildred had never talked thus—never would if she lived to be a hundred; she could only sing little, sentimental songs, make pretty embroideries, concoct a wonderful pudding, and see that the house was always comfortable and herself as fresh as a pink.

But Sara! ah! there was individuality! she looked down upon the trifling effeminacies of most women and spread her mind to take in the larger issues of the times; while she saw in Tom a man after her own heart, or head, and one who would steadily rise in his calling until he should stand where her father stood to-day—an altitude than which she could realize no loftier.

Tom brought home law-books during that visit of hers, and they had lengthy cross-examinations at night, in which no third party dared intrude; and his mother, smiling placidly, sat on her velvet chair, her silvery curls laid unagitatedly against her soft, fair face. She had no eyes for any one outside that duo, surely none for her dead friend's daughter; for now she avowed that all her old suspicions had been groundless, that Tom had a mind of his own, and that his awakened ambition would never suffer him to make a paltry marriage. Had she had eyes for Mildred, however, she would have seen a sadly changing little thing—a pale, bewildered child, whose occupation, like Othello's, was gone when Tom no longer had gentle words for her and happy plans for the future, but, instead, a thoughtful frown between his eyes and a brain full of logical argument, which he let off in the hall every evening when he came home and Sara Douglas had tripped to the door to meet him, impatient for the evening's intellectual refectory to be served. At luncheon she

would hear Sara expatiate on his brilliant prospects, with his mother for a delighted auditor, almost with an air of proprietorship, planning visits for him here, there, and everywhere, to meet the luminaries of the legal profession. He must come to their house next month to be presented to an English barrister, who would, if you gave him time, set the Thames on fire; he must go to her uncle's and have a chat with a celebrated French advocate, and, with it all, Sara was so very beautiful and delightful.

Yes, Mildred quite gave out, quite exhausted herself; Tom's old preference had been merely a passing fancy, as his mother's manner, which had not been so closely guarded but that Mildred could gauge it a little, had always tried to impress her that it was—she could see that now; his mother knew him better than she did. And then, no! no! she cried, his mother did not know him better than she did—could not, and she loved him! she loved him! she loved him! and yet, must give him up! But he should never know what she felt! So she brought her embroidery down to the hall in the evening, and, crouched upon the tiger-skin, worked her arabesques of tinsel and of floss, making of herself the prettiest picture Mrs. Ash had ever seen, as she acknowledged, half regretfully. Yet when it was all over, and they had separated for the night, Mildred would go to her own room and take a little box from the bureau-drawer and count over the money it contained; for Mildred was saving, also, and in that box were the coolest two hundred dollars, which were to have gone toward doing something wonderful for Tom and her. Tom did not know of this box, but Mildred had always hated to think that she should come to him penniless; so, after disposing of a trinket or two which had been left over from the smash-up, and cashing the check for twenty-five dollars which her father's assignee handed her as the remainder of all the former possessions, she had felt a little pride in putting all away as her dower when she should be a bride. These nights when she thus amused herself, after Tom had held a wonderful seance with Sara down stairs, Mildred sometimes thought she heard a rustling outside her door; but as the door was locked and only the old house-servants passed that way, she did not fear any one's detecting her in her sentimental occupation.

But for several nights there had been a pair of eyes held close to a crack in that door. Eliza Stone knew that something was amiss, but as she seldom left the sewing-room, and never saw the assembled household, and could use neither tongue nor ears, the chances for ascertaining what was going wrong, and if she might act as a remedial agent in any wise, were very slim

indeed. She did the work that was given her by Mildred, and noticed the paling young face and saddening sweet countenance, and pondered over it. She also noticed the fact of the envied girl's going to her chamber earlier than had been her wont at first, and the light was burning in that chamber long after the other rooms were dark. She thought fondly of the girl who had been the first to pity her, and had from the beginning felt that as Mildred cared deeply for Tom, she would sometime be bold enough to write on her tablet her own story of love; for she wanted companionship, she wanted to impart to some one what was surging up in her soul every hour of the day. She believed she was fond of Mildred, and, watching the white face by day and the light in the room by night, she one night went to the crack of the door, fearing illness for the occupant of that chamber, and she saw the money-box and the examiner of its contents. Her heart stood still! In this house was luxury; in this house was wealth; this beautiful, refined girl sewed, to be sure, but it was the sewing of a lady for her own; she would be mistress here—perhaps was a relative of the Ashes—and attended to the sewing as a labor of love. And this money! It could be nothing, comparatively, to Miss Hillary, but, oh! it was sufficient to bring that wandering mute shoemaker to the mute, wistful woman; it would start them on their way, it would keep them together; and more and more every day did she see the fallaciousness of their old hopes—there could be no marriage for years, perhaps never.

So night after night she was drawn to that crack in the door, and would rush away to battle down the temptation which told her the money which was of so little account here should be hers and his. She slept little; her appetite failed her; and Mildred pitied her, and wrote solicitous words on the tablet; made her work as light as possible, growing drearier herself, sad and dejected. For Tom and Sara were more *en rapport* than ever, and Sara had added a further two weeks to her already protracted stay.

Mildred often stayed up in her room of evenings now, rather than to go down and be neglected there, and have a pain which she thought sometimes would become unbearable. And she was watched closer than ever.

"She wants to buy some extravagant trinket," thought Eliza Stone, "and she is fretting because she cannot get it. Maybe it is a diamond to flash on her soft, white neck—a paltry stone; while he and I must starve our lives away and never help each other—yes, throw all our love aside. Oh! these fashionable people!"

Miss Hillary's room attracted her irresistibly; she hoped that Miss Hillary might grow paler

yet; that she might grow sick with fretting, and unable to leave her room, so that the box might be guarded, and not allowed to lie there alone for so many hours every day. Eliza Stone felt that it must be all or nothing; the crisis had been reached—there must be possession or renunciation, she must gain money or give up love.

The day she came to this conclusion Mildred was like a ghost; over night she had heard Tom ask Sara Douglas when he might speak to the Judge, and Sara, in evident confusion, had named a day. It was all over! And she must still hide the pain, the slight, the insult; her greatest fear was that she should become ill and have delirium and expose the truth; she hoped, in the event of illness, that poor Eliza Stone might be strong enough to nurse her, Eliza would not know what she spoke of. She bent over her sewing, a strange buzzing in her head, then a faintness. She scratched convulsively on a bit of paper, "My smelling-salts. My room. Bureau-drawer," for she could not trust herself on her feet.

Eliza Stone looked at the paper, then at the face before her, and rushed to get the bottle. She dragged open a bureau-drawer—and there lay the money-box. She made a strange noise in her throat, her hands clutched at her hair—the money! She might take it, run away, be happy! There it lay like a luscious fruit from the tree of knowledge! She shut her eyes, grasped the smelling-bottle, and ran from the room, banging the door after her, and made for the sewing-room, and placed the salts in Miss Hillary's hand, and resumed her work. But it had been too much for her, she must have air; she laid down the muslin she had been working on and went down the stairs out into the garden. Mildred, going to the window of the sewing-room, saw her down there. She saw more—she saw a forlorn young man coming up the road looking about him as though searching for some one; halting at the gate, and seeing Eliza Stone pacing rapidly up and down under the fir-trees, he made frantic gestures to attract her attention, and at last succeeded. For the mute woman rushed toward him, her arms spread out, as his were to meet her.

"I know now what has made her sad and ill; it was parting with him. She loves him—a pair of mutes. How sad. How glorious—for each loves and is loved again. And they are poor—but how rich! How thinly clad he is; see, Eliza takes a pin from her dress and fastens his coat over his chest. Now they are talking with signs, and Eliza is smiling, and so is he. Now she must be telling him she is wanted in the house and cannot tarry longer; they kiss and part, smiling, happy, and he goes on up the road,

looking back at her. God bless them! How can I be of service to them? Ah! if I knew! And do I not know?"

When Eliza Stone reached the sewing-room Miss Hillary was bending over the sewing-machine. She was glad of this; she did not want any one to notice the look on her face of determination and despair which she knew to be there. For had not her lover just told her how futile had been his efforts to obtain work, and had not a demon entered her as she read his speech and noted his shivering form and the hard cough! And had she not smiled and signed to him to wait! she had a great secret to tell him—wait! And he must not worry and tramp about in this bitter weather any more. To-night she would meet him three miles below here, and she would tell him something happy, and he should go with her to the doctor's and get some medicine for that cough, and she would bring some buttons with her and sew them on his coat. She must go in now, she was wanted. Kiss now and part till to-night; only wait!

So she had left him. But that demon remained with her, whispering to her that his life was better than diamonds, their one chance of rest and peace in this world more precious than a silly jewel which would flash upon a girl's throat.

She glanced furtively at Miss Hillary; was she wiping away a tear? What did that mean? What cause for grief have the easy in circumstances? What did it mean? She went on stitching, an uneasy frown on her face. A hand caught hers; there was Miss Hillary standing before her, a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye, looking down upon the silent sewing-woman with tender sympathy, almost as though she knew of the cold, wandering lover out there on the wintry road. Eliza Stone dragged her hand away from the other, and tremblingly resumed her stitching; she must think only of herself, not of another's foolish cause for grief. She knew that Miss Hillary approached the window and leaned her head against the pane. Suppose she had done so when the shivering lover had come up to the gate! The hot blood rushed to her face; but even in the event of Miss Hillary's looking into the garden at that time she could not have known of the guilty thought which had taken possession of this crying heart. She saw Miss Hillary start back from the window, press her hand over her heart, turn away—then, with an apparent cry, dash from the room down the stairs.

In an instant Eliza Stone was on her feet, something like fire rushing up and blinding her. Swift as a flash and as noiseless, she was in the bed-room, had slid out the bureau-drawer,

held the tempting thing in her hand. Then she was in the sewing-room again, the money-box in her pocket. Miss Hillary had not returned. Eliza Stone put on her bonnet; she would glide down the back-stairs, get out to the road, and speed to the poor sick soul who needed her so much. Now she could take care of him. At last! at last!

Wait! Miss Hillary had gone from the room because of something she had seen from the window; suppose that shivering man—Eliza Stone went to the window. Down in the garden, shielded from casual observation by the fir-trees, Miss Hillary wept in the arms of Tom Ash. Eliza Stone did not know that he had said:

"Forgive me, sweetheart, forgive me. I never knew before that I was so selfish. But to think that you should imagine that I no longer cared for you! Why, it was only a celebrated case which I was trying to work out, and Sara Douglas took the opposing side. She left the house an hour ago, horribly vexed, and vowing that I have no intellect at all. I made an appointment to meet her father? Yes, I told her I would refer her opinion and mine to the Judge for settlement, and she was insulted that I should be against her. My mother? why, she said she should die if she heard nothing but mooted law-points all the rest of her declining years, and told me I had shamefully neglected you and showed me my duty. I was astonished, though convinced, and, reproaching myself, came out here to look up at the window of the sewing-room, saw you, beckoned for you to come down, and here you are."

Nor did Eliza Stone, from her point of espial, know that Miss Hillary was divulging the secret of the money-box, and telling how she had discovered the love-story of a poor mute couple, and now that she was so happy herself she wanted to help them a little—to give to Eliza the two hundred dollars, as she had made up her mind to do up-stairs after she had seen the two poor things down at the garden-gate; for she had thought that her own love story, in which Tom was the hero, had ended for her forever, while now her happiness should make her desire the happiness of others, and—

Here Eliza Stone saw Mr. Ash take Miss Hillary's face between his hands and place his lips upon the white forehead.

"Give the poor woman the money, dear; make her happy. I will supplement the gift; I have fifty dollars here—"

He opened his pocket-book and found it empty; he had left his money in the house. He was searching the book—turning it upside down, shaking it.

Eliza Stone noted the empty book.

"His mother is proud. Miss Hillary maybe works for money, after all, and saves it. His mother is the wealthy one, and opposes the marriage. I have noticed, when she came to the sewing-room, she looked on Miss Hillary oddly; and I would have taken the sweet girl's savings! Can love have made me so impure? It is all the money they have!"

She crossed the room, entered the chamber beyond, and put the box in its old place in the bureau-drawer. Then she was on the stairs, her head bent; she was in the garden, in the road—a guilty woman going forth to declare to the man she loved that she had been false to him, that there was no happy news—rather, the unhappiest—that she had been a thief at heart!

She crept under a hedge and placed her hands together—"Lord, do I love? would love make me guilty? It is all the money they have!"

Some one touched her arm—the man who cared for her smiled down in her eyes. He pointed back of her. There came Miss Hillary and Mr. Ash. She stonily regarded them all, not arising from her kneeling position. Miss Hillary had a writing for her, placed it under her eyes:

"You are a young woman and I am a young woman, and we both know what it is to love. The world may not be so kind to some of us in material matters as it is to others; yet, if one has love, that is riches. But here is something more—something which may whisper that I saw you

meet some one at the garden-gate, and that I resolved you should have a wedding-present."

It was the money-box, and a fifty-dollar bill lay across it.

Eliza Stone placed her head upon the extended gift, sobbing wildly.

"O Lord!" she thought, "can it be that when temptation comes to us we, who resist the mere criminal act, are the lesser sinners? See how Thou hast rewarded me—Thy kindness showing me my guilt more clearly than hadst Thou withheld something from me!"

And when they helped her up she wrote upon her tablet the truth of it all, and would not have the box and the bill.

"But for you and what I saw from the window I should never have gone to meet Mr. Ash in the garden to-day. You softened me," wrote Mildred, "and you were tempted sorely."

"Love should have made me noble to renounce, as it did you," wrote Eliza Stone, "while now—"

Mildred kissed her.

And Tom and she stood there and happily watched the two going up the wintry road—the man with his arm wreathed about the shrinking form of the woman, leading her on, let us hope, to understanding and happiness and possession such as they had never known before.

"And the money, Tom?"

"It is in his pocket, along with a note from me, telling him we do not need it, and that when the world is extraordinarily kind to him he can pay it all back to me."

UNDER THE SNOW.

LOVELY the moonlight falls
Over the snow,
Sighingly, sobbingly Memory calls
Back to the Long Ago.

Eyes were bright and hearts were warm,
Under the moonlight there;
Here, full many a silent form
And many a vacant chair.

Merrily, cherrily, sleigh-bells chime
Over the young and fair;
Beautiful Youth! in after time
They'll weep for the years that were!

Ah! fairest the moonlight blends
With beams of the Long Ago,
When truest hearts and tenderest hands
Lie under the snow!

SARAH J. C. WHITTLESEY.

SIX HUNDRED A YEAR.

BY MARTHA.

CHINESE families of a half dozen people, more or less, live on six hundred dollars a year in our expensive, crowded, rent-high cities, without making the struggle for comfort and nicety so apparent and absorbing as to force them altogether to forget the beauties and daintiness, which only make life worth having to so many?

Must they be ground down to the bare necessities of existence, or is it possible, with careful management and systematic effort, so to increase the small income as to cover a ground that will allow some delight to heart and eye, as well as merely to support the body?

I think it can be done if the entire family enter in with a determination to do their best, and in these few remarks I can only introduce the subject, for it is a wide one, you know.

If a family of four or six start in to spend their lives together, knowing they can only rely on six hundred a year, it will be necessary (or certainly that sum will not be half enough) that each shall be willing to do his or her share to help the household oil do its duty as a good lubricator; to make that sum cover even reasonable wants each must be willing to make sacrifices—to labor, if necessity comes—to use thoughtfulness when other things are not plentiful; and if each one is really willing and tries, it may be made a life of comfort and pleasure too.

To live well on any limited income—even one of moderate size—there has to be constant management from some competent head; two—or four times—six hundred may be spent on an ill-kept house, where the real wants of the inmates are not supplied, and still, when the year is finished, the ends cannot be made to meet.

Of course, a smaller amount of money calls for more constant supervision than a larger one. I don't want to write about how many artificial wants we have, or preach self-denial, or say one can be as happy in a garret as in a palace, and that you will be as much respected in a neat calico dress as in the softest of linen or silk. All this may be really true, but so few of us have as yet arrived at the degree of perfection which makes us feel sure of it, and happy while trying to prove its truth by our example. I rather speak to try and help those who feel the real need of what some people consider *entirely* artificial wants, so as to enable them to improve our outward surroundings by what is pleasant to the eye and mind; to throw a little atmos-

phere of beauty around our homes and our way of living, and how to do it in the most easy way. Perhaps the best way is to take the experience of some one who has honestly and earnestly made the trial, and I will quote from the house-book of a lady who only had six hundred a year, living among neighbors—many of whom were expending thrice six hundred—and still their houses were not ordered with more comfort or nicety than the home of this careful woman I quote. And so systematically had the household government been carried out, that there was no perceptible struggle on her part that could worry the family. No idea sprang from her general deportment that she was making any tremendous effort to supply, by determination and energy, the defects of what she lacked in hard cash.

Of course, no one can expect the effort to live on a small income, even at the best, with the most experienced of managers, to be a rose-path strewn with fallen blossoms. We must labor with hands (sometimes) as well as heads; but how to do it the best way—let us consider.

The note-book I quote from and use as a text gives the year's expenses as follows:

House rent, one hundred and twenty dollars; servant, thirty-six dollars; housekeeping, two hundred and twenty-four dollars; clothes, one hundred and forty dollars; coal, lights, and so on, fifty dollars. Left for small necessities, thirty dollars. This is the list as it was given, and we are going to consider it and call up each item in its turn and see how it was done and if we can do it:

HOUSE RENT.

In the list of necessary items it is quoted at ten dollars a month, which, in most of the cities in the eastern part of our country, seems very little indeed for a house in the sort of neighborhood and among the kind of people we would desire to have for neighbors.

In the country we might easily find a larger house than our six hundred dollar income would begin to support for a rent even as low as the one quoted; but it is only those who live on an income already assured who can choose their place of abode. I have seen in Virginia quite good houses, with cow and garden attached, rent for one hundred dollars a year.

One way of getting a low rent in a large city

is to watch for a "real estate" bargain, and induce some rich friend to buy it, giving you the advantage of a small rent till you may hope to be able to buy it yourself. This is not always a feasible plan (though I have known it to work well), for disinterested rich friends don't grow at every corner. Don't be tempted by the uncomfortable little houses so plentiful on the outskirts of most cities, made attractive by veneer, paint, and "a dear, cute little porch," where "the children can spend half their time." That porch is only usable, at best, for a small part of the year, on account of malaria; and even during that time the sun will stream down on it by day, and the mosquitoes will enjoy that cute little porch as much, or more, than you during the evening. The low rent will be counterbalanced by car fares for the necessary trips into the city, and the want of rivalry in the way of supplying provisions will force you to pay the highest price for the poorest articles.

When we wanted to find a resting-place in which to try our experiment, we became fairly discouraged by the great number of small houses for large rents. We found several rather nice ones, in which we might be quite comfortable, for eighteen dollars; but with our six hundred a year that was beyond our means.

Finally, one house for twenty dollars was so pleasant and attractive, that we listened to the voice of the tempter (in the shape of the old man who showed as through). He said "we would find no difficulty in renting a room or two." This set us thinking, and as the house was on a pleasant street, with more room than we needed, we took it, trusting to make use of the advice of our old friend to reduce the rent. Almost at once we had an offer for the only room we felt sure we could *not* spare—our pretty parlor was requested for an office. As nine dollars a month was offered as an inducement to resign it, we succumbed, and located our own best room nearer to heaven. A good arrangement this proved, as our one careful lodger was not obliged to come through our part of the house. This reducing the rent by giving up a room or two is a much better plan than taking an inferior house in a poorer neighborhood; and it is better than taking part of a house where some one else holds the reins of government, and obliges you often to undergo trials in the way of unpleasant neighbors that you have no power to reduce to order.

Of course, there is much to be said about the objections to sharing a house with any one. It is an old saying that "a very small house will do for one family, but that none grow large enough for two." But then, again, why should

we suppose *we* are the only pleasant, unobjectionable people to live with? There *may* be some fish still in the sea as nice as ourselves, and in selecting tenants there is room for much discretion. If we make a mistake we can try again till we find good ones. In renting rooms, select those most remote from the ones you have in constant use, so the lodgers may have privacy as well as yourself.

Often we find lonely ladies, who are afraid to live away from protection, under a roof of their own, and who still care for retirement—as well as others. Many single gentlemen need a room in which to bestow themselves and their neckties for a portion of the twenty-four hours. I think rooms offered to this homeless tribe, with coffee and rolls attached each morning, would run up the price of small rooms. Sometimes our own families are so small, that a pleasant and trustworthy tenant or lodger for an inmate would be a boon. To a business man, who is often compelled to spend some hours after dark, putting the finishing touches to the day's work, it is a trouble to know that perhaps his wife is lonely, anxious, and fearful, shivering at each noise because her only companion is her little "help," more easily scared, even, than herself. In such a case, is it not well to know that your roof covers some respected inmate, whose very presence seems to insure safety and protection?

If you offer rooms for rent, see that you make them, and the entrance to them, neat and attractive as possible; remember, you wish to attract the best class of people you can have, and these must judge by outward signs what sort of a house they are coming into. Put your best foot foremost, and *be sure to keep it there.*

Now, you can find little houses in respectable places for a rent as low as twelve, or even ten dollars (but they are few in number), and these small houses may be made attractive, probably, with less effort than a larger one. In a small house there is less work to be done, and if you are without a servant, these little houses are more apt to take care of themselves.

I think the time is past when builders will consider it necessary (because a house is small) to make it as ugly and inconvenient as possible—so ugly as to depress the spirits of its inmates, so inconvenient as to make it a wonder how so small a building *can* have every necessary thing so far away. When the large number of houses now in the course of building, are finished, I think a small and attractive house in a decent neighborhood will be more easily attainable. So that even the sum we can afford to spare from our six hundred a year will be sufficient to secure us quite a comfortable home.

RELIGIOUS READING.

MORALITY AND RELIGION.

PREACHERS of the "evangelical" school were very much in the habit, a few years ago, and probably still are to some extent, of denouncing a life of mere morality unsanctified by a profession of religion as rather worse than one of open sin. A man might be honest in his dealings, kind and affectionate in his social relations, benevolent to the poor and suffering, and blameless in his outward deportment; but yet, if he lacked the conventional signs of religion, it was held that he could have no well-grounded hopes of Heaven. His very virtues were a bar to his acceptance by the Lord, because they did not proceed from the proper source, and by the semblance of righteousness which they gave him lulled him into a fancied security from which he would awake too late. The manifest sinner, on the other hand, it was said, having no such ground of self-deception, would more easily repent and be converted, and, being conscious of his own unworthiness, would rely with more confidence on the mercy of the Lord, and thus come into a really safer condition.

The fallacy of the reasoning by which this doctrine is, or was, supported is, of course, apparent to many. It assumes that a man can be saved only by acquiescence in a form of a faith (which in this case is a false one), and that the good of life is of no account in determining his final lot. It makes admission into Heaven depend entirely upon the arbitrary decision of the Lord, not upon interior character, and by attaching an unjustifiable importance to demonstrations of piety, directs the attention of people less to the real fruits of religion than to its incidental phenomena. But, in spite of all this, there is a sense in which the doctrine itself is true, and in which mere morality, if not more dangerous than positive vice, is still very far from being conducive to the true interests of the soul.

The merely moral man, as we understand morality, is one who conforms to the usual and accepted proprieties of life, because he has been brought up to do so, or because a contrary course would make him less esteemed by his fellow-men, or because a natural kindness of disposition renders it unpleasant for him to quarrel with them or do them any injury which would provoke retaliation, or for any reason, in short, except a conscientious sense of duty to the Lord and a desire to obey His commandments. His standard of conduct is merely that which the general progress of civilization has made the customary one with respectable citizens, not that which is found in the Word. He observes the laws of the land because they are the laws of the land, is courteous and polite because others around him are so, and gives his money to the charitable enterprises which are in fashion, because his neighbors do. Out-

wardly his life is irreproachable, and it is only by inquiring into his motives that any difference is to be discerned between him and the man who possesses true religion.

Such an inquiry, we know, is considered by many to be one which has no bearing on the question whatever. So long as any one's actions are right and proper, they contend that it makes no difference what his thoughts and purposes may be in performing them. There are even a considerable number who call themselves religious people who take the same view of the matter. The end of all religion, they say, is a good life, and if this end be attained the means are of no consequence. Jews, Mahometans, heathens, and infidels are all the same in the Lord's sight, provided their lives conduce to the welfare and happiness of the communities to which they belong. One may do right because he thinks it his duty to do so; another, because it is the most becoming conduct for a rational being; another, from fear of punishment either in this world or the world to come, but they all, nevertheless, coincide in the result to which they arrive, and what matters it by what road they have traveled?

Now, if religion were only the handmaid of civil government, having for its purpose simply the promotion of our temporal comfort, this objection would be a good one, and we should have to admit that for all practical purposes merely moral men fulfilled the end of creation as well as religious ones. Our lives and property would be as safe with them, our civil rights as well protected, and our social intercourse equally friendly and agreeable. So far as this world is concerned, nothing tangible would be gained by superadding the religious element, and it would be hard to see the use of it at all. But this is only a partial view of the case. We are born not for time, but eternity, and our existence here is only the preparatory stage of an eternal career. The actions of this mortal life are in themselves of no account compared with the influence they exert in molding our spiritual characters, and in this work the motives of mere morality produce quite different results from those of religion.

Our souls are formed by means of our bodies. Every angel and devil had first to be, like us, an inhabitant of this or some similar material planet, or he could never have existed at all. And this creation is a gradual process to which all the acts of our life contribute, by ultimating and fixing spiritual substances as a part of ourselves, just as by eating and exercise we appropriate and make flesh and bones of natural food. Whatever we do from intention becomes an element of our character. If we indulge in hatred, theft, covetousness, or any other bad passion, we fix these lusts in our hearts and they abide there. Or if, on the other hand, we put in practice heavenly loves, we likewise firmly implant those loves, and they become strengthened and de-

veloped according as we cherish them. We are like trees which send out their leaves into the air and draw in materials for growth and sustenance. If we reach into the atmosphere of hell we imbibe its nature, but if we open ourselves to that of Heaven we become of like character with the angels.

Here it is that the merely moral man is in danger. His motives for action are usually selfish one. He is not seeking to acquire heavenly affections, but only to promote his own comfort and well-being, and he develops and strengthens in himself an interior character which, when he lays aside this husk of the material body, will not reveal him as a member of a heavenly

society, but bring him into companionship with devils and satans. His goodness has no true root, and when the heat of interior lust is allowed to act upon it, it will wither away. That this is not impossible may be seen from examples, which frequently occur on this earth, of men who have led the most exemplary lives unexpectedly yielding to unusual temptation and sacrificing the good reputation of a lifetime to the indulgence of a passion of which they, perhaps, suspected the existence as little as their neighbors. If this happens here, what may we not expect when everything covered shall be revealed, and everything hid be made known?

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

A CHEERFUL MOTHER.

DID you ever think, mothers, what a power for happiness or misery a mother's disposition is in her home? I once heard a man say: "Give me a short time in a household, and I will tell by every member of its circle, even to the servants, if the wife and mother is sunny and cheerful or of a fretful, gloomy nature. She is, comparatively speaking, the balance-wheel of the household machinery, and her disposition will be reflected not only on the inmates, but throughout the workings of the entire home.

I have in my mind just now two old couples with whom I am well acquainted, and the contrast in the families I believe wholly due to the difference in the nature of the wife and mother in each. One is the mother of eight children—five daughters and three sons. She is now seventy years of age, with a comfortable share of life's comforts around her. Yet, with all her blessings, there is imprinted on her face strong outlines of a fretful, unhappy nature. Her husband shares to a great extent the despondency of both her looks and nature, and every child partakes of the same gloomy spirit.

During my long acquaintance with this old neighbor I have never seen anything hopeful and sunny about her. Whatever misfortune she has, she dwells on it and broods over it, while her many blessings in life are unrecognized. If any member of her family is sick, she is sure he will die. She never enjoys the sunshine for thinking of the coming storms; she is in constant anticipation of sickness or disasters of some kind, and her family is compelled to listen to the most doleful homilies on life's trials. And, sad to say, her five daughters, in homes of their own, are almost exact counterparts of their mother. From their very infancy they have heard her complainings and witnessed her doleful moods until the same spirit has become deeply engrafted in their natures.

Let us turn to my other old friend. It is like stepping from under a storm-cloud into the brightness of a noonday sun. She is older than

the other, with four living children—one daughter and three sons. Not a dollar of earthly possessions can she and her husband claim, all having been lost through misfortunes. They reside with their daughter and are wholly dependent on their children for a maintenance. And in addition to all other troubles, they are both frail and feeble in body; and yet this old couple are always bright and cheerful. Their faces wear an expression of quiet serenity, while a pleasant word is ready for every one. No fretting, no complaining, no borrowing of trouble is ever heard.

One morning last winter the old gentleman came into my sitting-room, and as he sat warming his hands over the glowing coals and jesting in his pleasant way with the children, our conversation inadvertently turned on his past life.

"Well," he said, "one might think that we have trouble enough now to make us very unhappy, but when I think how many blessings we have enjoyed all through life I think it would be ungrateful to make a murmur of complaint. And my greatest blessing in life has been Louise. What a brave, cheerful, sunny woman she has always been. We were such a happy family, and the cheerfulness of her nature was the power that made us so. I remember the very day that we were married and went to our little home, we were talking over our future and our prospect for happiness in life, when Louise said: 'Jacob, whatever misfortunes we may have, whatever ills of any kind life may hold for us, do let us be cheerful and not fret. The battle of life is half fought if one can keep a brave, sunny spirit in his heart. A continual fretting and worrying over the little ills of life will most surely drive the happiness away from any home. So let this be one of the rules of our lives, to try and see the bright side of whatever may happen.' Such was her rule, such was her practice, and all of our children share her same sunny nature. Our daughter Betty is just a repetition of her mother, and often through her and her children I am carried back to my own happy

family, and I say, as I have said a thousand times in my heart, that the greatest blessing to any home is a cheerful wife and mother."

What a beautiful rule to govern one's life, to be looking only on the bright side! We can always find something to fret over if we allow our minds to dwell on the dark side of life's pic-

ture. Little hindrances, annoyances, disappointments, and trials of various kinds are meeting us on life's road, but happy is the nature that can crowd them into the background and allow only the brighter phases of life to stamp their impressions on the heart.

NELLIE BURNS.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

THE RUBY RING.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY FOR CHILDREN.

IT was a dreary outlook for Agnes Resor that cold December morning, when she found that she had overslept herself and had not waked in time to help poor, patient mamma with the breakfast. There was no fire in her room, the snow was coming down in great flakes, and her hands, usually so white and pretty, looked quite blue with cold as she ran downstairs. She was too late for anything but "odds and ends," for breakfast was on the table; but the mother thought it was a help to have her take the children off her hands—buttoning Nell's shoes, finding John's lost map, putting up their lunch for school, and getting overshoes, cloaks, and hats ready, while she carried Robert's breakfast into his room.

This was their great trial—Robert's illness—and their "great blessing," mamma always added, "for Robert was getting well." Robert was the big, strong, oldest boy, who, ever since his father died three years before, had been mamma's help and support and the pride of the whole family. He had just gotten into a very good situation as a clerk and was planning how next year he would be able to make the little home more comfortable, but a violent cold, taken after he got his situation, and hard work, had combined to bring on a serious illness. He had lost his situation, and this thought depressed his spirits and made his recovery slower. The money he had so carefully saved from his salary during the few months before paid the doctor's bills and other expenses, but there was a very small portion of it left. No wonder the little mother's smile faded from her lips as she came out of her boy's room—which she always entered with a bright face to cheer him—and the tears came into her eyes.

"Now, mamma," said Agnes, "come and have your breakfast with me. I have kept it nice and warm and waited, so that we might eat together—and O mamma! I have a surprise for you!"

"What can that be, my child?" asked her mother, with another smile for Agnes, although she did not feel any hope in regard to the surprise.

"A letter, mamma—positively a letter," and Agnes put it triumphantly in her hand. "The postman left it when you were up-stairs with Robert."

Mrs. Resor glanced at the handwriting and opened the envelope with trembling fingers. As she unfolded the letter another paper dropped from it. Agnes looked at her mother in wonder; her color had risen and she was more excited than she had seen her for a long while, as she turned to her, with her eyes shining through tears, and said:

"This is a surprise, Agnes—for my little daughter as well as for me."

"For me, mamma?" exclaimed Agnes.

"It is an invitation for you to spend Christmas at my old home in Virginia—your Uncle Randolph's—where I used to live when I was a little girl of your age, Agnes. You will see all the old places and people I have so often told you of," and her voice trembled a little.

"Uncle Randolph's, mamma? I thought he had been dead many, many years ago?"

"Yes, but the old home was bought by the gentleman who married his daughter, Agnes—after whom you were named, and your cousin, my brother Robert's little daughter—both of our daughters had her name; for she was so lovely and gentle we all loved her. Agnes, there is nothing I should desire more than to have you like her in all things," and Mrs. Resor paused.

"Yes, mamma," said Agnes, "and her husband, Mr. Kittredge, wrote for me to come because I had the name of Agnes, his wife's name?"

"Yes, he is an old man now and very wealthy, but he has no children, no near kindred of his own, and he writes that he wishes to have my family and my brother Robert's wife and children with him this Christmas 'to bring young life and hope to the old home and old hearts for the New Year.' But if any reason should make it impossible for me to come, I 'must, in any case, send Agnes, his wife's namesake.'"

Agnes was not quite fourteen. She sprang up from her seat and danced around the room, clapping her hands, as Nellie herself might have done. Then she suddenly halted and exclaimed:

"But oh! how could I forget? Mamma, I won't leave you and Robert for anything! you will need me, I know. Two hands can't do everything," and she ran to her mother and put one of her hands caressingly against her cheek, crimson with excitement.

The mother smiled.

"Mr. Kittredge knows we are not rich, Agnes, and he sent a check"—she took up the paper beside her plate—"that will buy my little girl

some necessary clothes for her visit and enable me to pay for a little additional help while she is gone."

Agnes's eyes sparkled.

"Oh! how lovely that is—and Robert doesn't know! I must tell him first—and, mamma, bring your letter and tell us about the dear old Virginia home and Aunt Agnes, when she was a young girl and you were a little child there, and all the rest," and off she ran up-stairs with flying feet.

There was a story written between the lines of this letter. Mr. Kittredge had never forgotten the beautiful young wife who died in the flush of her womanhood, and he earnestly wished to find in one of the two girls bearing her name, the same tender and loving nature to receive his wealth as a stewardship for others—to make it a blessing, and not a curse, as wealth so often is made—to the world in which she lived, using it for good and not vain display.

Eleanor Randolph, Robert's widow, understood that the invitation meant more than a week's visit, and began to think it had been unwise to drop the name of "Agnes"—because it was so "so old fashioned"—and call her little daughter "Clair" instead. But then the name was really "Agnes St. Clair," and she had never dreamed Mr. Kittredge was so wealthy. A thought passed rapidly through her mind—no, she could never change Clair's name now, for Richard, "that blundering boy, would spoil it all by his questions. Such a boy!" and Mrs. Randolph half smiled, half frowned, in the midst of her calculations.

Mrs. Resor was too guileless to think of anything more than a week's unalloyed delight for Agnes in the old house and garden of her childhood. Her purchases for the child were very simple—although Agnes thought that she had never possessed so many pretty things before—and indeed, the rosy little face looked very winning and sweet under the brown hat and feathers, with the brown cloak and fur collar and cuffs, fitting so close and trim to her little figure. There was just one little flutter of regret—mamma did not think it appropriate for her to wear the emerald ring that had been left to her by her great aunt. Agnes had tried it on in her own room many times—though it was rather large for such little fingers—and sighed to be "enough grown up" to wear this one piece of jewelry; that "belonged really to her, to do with just as she chose. But then, of course, she would not choose to wear it until mamma thought best," and back it would go into the little velvet case.

She had no trouble about her journey, for a friend of mamma's took charge of her most of the way, but she was very much afraid of letting herself be carried past the right station during the last part, and it was a great relief when she was in the carriage with mamma's own old nurse, whom Mr. Kittredge had sent to meet her, and they were driving toward the house.

Agnes was not familiar with negroes, as her mother had lived in the North after her marriage, but she thought she would soon learn to like this kind old dark face, that seemed so pleased to see "*Mis' Lucy's child.*"

"Mammy," as the nurse is always called in the South, had many questions to ask, and a great deal to tell Agnes about her Aunt Eleanor and her children, Richard, Clair, and Rose, who had arrived the day before.

When Agnes went to bed that night she had the queerest jumble of figures and faces in her dreams—dear Uncle Kittredge with his kind face, and his voice that sounded so affectionate when he said "Agnes"—Aunt Eleanor, who wasn't very kind, Agnes thought, although she could scarcely tell why—Clair, whose grown-up ways and fine dress had suddenly made her look very plain and insignificant—Richard, a big, blundering boy, whose abrupt speeches made his mother look uneasy and Uncle Kittredge laugh—and Rose, a lovely, dimpled child of five years old, that Agnes loved from the first look—and oh! all the old family servants who were so delighted to welcome her and make her comfortable—but she had not learned all their names yet.

The next week seemed to dance by like a vision of delight—driving—only Clair never would let her drive the pretty black pony herself, and Agnes felt sure she *could* do it—walking, snowballing, skating on the pond, dancing—oh! what a lovely party the children had on Christmas Eve—and next morning the delight of coming down to the breakfast table, and finding a beautiful rosewood writing-desk, all furnished, too, from Uncle Kittredge—"For my little Agnes"—Agnes had never thought of being remembered in that way after all his other kindnesses—and a big letter beside it from home—the best of all—and a box of bon-bons, that Richard shyly slipped into her hand. Agnes enjoyed seeing the Christmas gifts that the others received, and looked with such sparkling eyes of wonder at a tiny jeweled watch, which was Clair's Christmas gift from her mother, that Richard was quite vexed, and said, crossly:

"What nonsense you girls care about! That watch is no good—it does not keep time half so well as a plain one, but you like all those gew-gaws."

Agnes laughed so sweetly that it disarmed him.

"I do like pretty things, Richard."

"Things are pretty only when they are appropriate to one's means," remarked Mrs. Randolph, and then turned to Mr. Kittredge, who was entering the room. "Our boy is a genuine country boy," with a smile. "Nothing could have given him such pleasure as the gun you have given him."

Richard frowned.

"I don't know about liking the country so well. I am going to town, Tuesday, to meet one of my schoolmates—that is, if Uncle Kittredge doesn't object," with a sudden penitence.

He smiled very kindly.

"No, my boy, go if you like, and when you come back, bring your friend with you."

Mrs. Randolph looked relieved.

"Such a rude boy," she murmured.

"O mother!" said Richard, "if you wouldn't"—but he stopped, and did not say any more.

Afterward came a long, rainy day, and Clair,

who was unusually gracious to Agnes, proposed they should go in Mrs. Randolph's room and look at her jewel-boxes, to which Agnes agreed with pleasure.

There was no one else in the room besides Mrs. Randolph, who was reading on the lounge.

Of all the beautiful ornaments which belonged to her Aunt Eleanor, Agnes admired most a ruby ring set round with small, but very perfect diamonds. The ruby itself was exquisite, and it seemed to Agnes like a living, glowing drop of flame, with its rich light and splendor of color. She looked at it again and again, and was too slow in turning away from it to other things to suit Clair's impatient movements.

"There! I am tired of this now," she exclaimed. "I see a little sunshine over that hill, and I am going to ask Tom to bring out the phaeton," and she laid all the jewel-boxes in her mother's lap.

"Stop, Clair, you thoughtless child," said Mrs. Randolph, putting down her book. "You must not go yet—there may be another shower—why, my ruby ring is not here!" with an accent of consternation.

The box was empty, and a long and close search in the other cases, on the floor, the lounge, in every nook and corner, failed to discover it. The lunch bell rang, and Mrs. Randolph told Clair to remain with her a few moments.

When they met in the dining-room, Mrs. Randolph came up to Agnes and said to her very kindly, more kindly than she had ever spoken before:

"Don't be afraid to tell me, my dear little girl. If you have hidden the ring as a jest, I shall not be angry with you."

"Why, aunt," cried Agnes, "I would not do such a thing for the world as to make you uneasy about your beautiful ring for a jest!"

Mrs. Randolph looked keenly at her, and her lips closed as if displeased, and both Clair and herself were very silent all during lunch.

Agnes did not think of this long, however, for the mail-bag was brought in, and there was a letter from home for her, and when she went to her room to read it she found that poor Robert had had a relapse, and though he was now out of danger again, there was the anxiety about money to provide him with even necessary comforts. Agnes felt, as the tears rolled down her cheeks, almost as if it had been selfish in her to be so happy.

"Oh! if I could only help mamma!" she thought. Then, with a sudden start: "Why, there is my emerald ring! it is really my own and it is valuable, and how could it ever do me more good than by helping mamma and Robert? Richard is going to town, and perhaps he would take it and see if I could sell it," and she ran to her trunk to take it out and look at it again.

Just then there was a little knocking at the door, and Agnes opened it for Rose, who was very fond of her cousin. She was delighted with the "pitty ring" which Agnes put on her tiny fingers, and picked up whenever she dropped it off, as the best part of the play to her was seeing it roll away over the floor.

After supper Clair's coldness to Agnes continued. She played solitaire by herself, and would take no notice of Agnes or Rose, who was chattering away in her lap like a little bird.

Presently the child remembered the afternoon's amusement, and looked at Agnes's hand.

"Where is 'our pitty ring'?" she asked.

Mrs. Randolph looked up and so did Clair, and the latter said:

"Agnes has no ring. I never saw her wear one."

"Yes," repeated Rose, shaking her curly head, "Agnes dot pitty ring—pitty ring shine."

"Perhaps you will show it to us then?" said Clair, with such a tone of contempt that Agnes flushed hotly and answered, with indignation:

"No, I will not. Why should I?"

"Oh!" said Clair, "I think it would be nicer—for you;" and she pushed the cards together and walked away.

Very soon Agnes carried little Rose to her nurse, and Mrs. Randolph remarked to Mr. Kittredge, who had been watching the children under his thick eyebrows with close attention:

"I fear Agnes is not a truthful child," and she related the circumstance of the ring.

Mr. Kittredge looked very grave.

"This is a very serious charge to bring against the child of your husband's sister, madam."

"I do not believe the child means to keep the ring," said Mrs. Randolph, coloring at his tone in her turn; "but she has shown an inordinate love of finery and a spirit of duplicity very unfortunate under the circumstances."

"There must be some mistake," said Mr. Kittredge.

"There may be," said Mrs. Randolph, "but I fear there is none."

Mr. Kittredge reflected; then he said:

"Will you put this whole matter in my hands? I will regard this as the greatest possible kindness you could confer on an old man."

Mrs. Randolph promised at once.

The next morning, after a stormy talk with his mother, Richard met his little cousin in the hall.

"Richard, I want to speak to you."

"Well, there is no one in the library," he said, brusquely; and they went in.

She told him all about her mother and Robert, and her plan for helping them with her ring.

Richard had been looking out of the window, winking to keep back a tear; but now he wheeled around.

"Let me see the ring."

"Here it is," and she put the ring in his hand.

As soon as he glanced at it he exclaimed:

"This is the ring Rose was chattering about."

"Yes, she saw it in my room yesterday."

"I knew it was all right," he said, in a tone of triumph; "I knew you never had that ruby ring."

"Did they think I—" and Agnes's voice broke down in horror, and tears came fast of mortification and distress.

"I ought not to have told you," said Richard. "What a blundering blockhead I am! Agnes, they don't think it was anything but a jest on your part. Mamma said she was sure it would be returned. Don't cry."

"But," said Agnes, slowly, "if they don't find the ring—what will they think then?"

Richard was silent.

"At any rate," he found speech at last, "I know it is all right, and I'll tell Uncle Kittredge so, too."

Uncle Kittredge! As Agnes thought of him, and losing his love and faith in her, she could not stand it, but fled to her room, where Mammy found her sobbing bitterly two hours afterward.

She had to know all the trouble, and was as distressed—and more indignant—than Agnes herself. But she brought a little ray of hope to Agnes's heart by promising to clean Mrs. Randolph's room herself and search for the missing ring everywhere.

Agnes had sore need of hope, for that day and the next she met with cold reserve from Mrs. Randolph and Clair, and Uncle Kittredge looked so grave that his very kindness, which never failed, was worse still. Richard was sore and angry that his explanation about the ring Rose saw had no effect so long as the ruby was not found, and kept out of the way as much as possible.

Altogether, it was a gloomy New Year's Eve, and Agnes was glad that Miss McGregor, the deaf cousin who kept house for Mr. Kittredge, kept her winding skeins of worsted for her until she went to her room.

After she had gone, Uncle Kittredge looked at Agnes and said:

"I am glad to see you so kind to the old, my child."

"Oh!" cried Agnes, flushing up, "I was glad to do it."

"That does not make it less kind. Children, I want to give you a short sermon for the new year that begins to-morrow. I am an old man, now, and when I look back I can think of many disappointments I had, and mortifications and failures, and I am not at all sorry for those; but when I remember any unkindness I showed to any one—a word or act by which I gave pain—that hurts me now. Children, be kind to each other. You cannot know the secret pain any one has, or will have, to bear. Don't add to it by unkindness."

There was silence in the room, and presently he resumed:

"My wife, Agnes, whose sweet name was given to two of you, was a beautiful and accomplished woman, she had everything the world could give, but the love she won was from the simple kindnesses, the love, in great things and in small, that made every life happy around her."

Agnes's heart had swelled within her during these words. It was a hard thing to bear that Uncle Kittredge should think her so bad, as he might come to think her if that ring was never found—and no one knew the truth; but then a thought came, full of comfort: If she could not *seem* what he wanted, she could *be* so truly and live for others. She stole up to his chair, as she

thought this, and put her arms around him and kissed him on the cheek, and then ran off to bed.

"What a sermon Uncle Kittredge gave us!" said Clair, pretending to yawn, as she stopped at her door.

"Much good it does you?" said Richard. "You are as unkind to that poor child as you can be."

"Richard," said his mother, with displeasure, "do not let me hear you speak to your sister so."

Clair's conscience was not at rest, however, and she could not sleep for thinking of Agnes's pale face and what Richard had told her of the brother's illness and the poverty at home. At last, however, she fell into a doze, and when she woke up the breakfast-bell was ringing and Mammy was standing by the bed with a disapproving air.

"Yo' cousin, Miss Agnes, been ready an hour ago. Dat chile nebber gib no trouble, an' jes' as sweet-tempered all de day, even if things don' go de way she likes."

Clair's trouble came back to her mind, but she jumped up and began to dress, without saying a word to Mammy.

"An' dis here dress is all ripped—so much trimming and ruffling an' dat sort of thing; but yo' aint kearful wid yo' fine things, like my young ladies was."

"Never mind, I can pin it," said Clair, in haste to put it on. As she did so, she felt something hard inside the fold. She shook it, and out dropped the lost ring, shining in the morning sunshine as it fell.

"Bless de Lord for my chile!" exclaimed Mammy, clasping her hands.

Clair burst into tears. She fastened her dress quickly and ran into the breakfast-room, where they were all sitting around the fire.

"O mother! O Uncle Kittredge!" she cried, for once not heeding the astonished looks of every one, "here is the ring; it was in the fold of my dress all the time."

Mrs. Randolph was not a bad woman. She took Agnes in her arms and kissed her.

"My poor child, can you forgive our mistake?"

Clair came over to her, the tears still on her face. "I never was so sorry in all my life, Agnes. You shall drive my pony every day!"

"Uncle Kittredge," said Richard, trying to look perfectly cool, "I have something to tell you myself after awhile," for it had occurred to Richard that Uncle Kittredge could help Robert to get work and relieve the anxiety of the little household.

The next New Year's Day not only Agnes was there, but her mother and the children, and they were at home and were expecting Robert—who was well now and at work—and Clair and Richard, on a visit to them.

"Uncle Kittredge," said Agnes, softly, just before they came, "I want you to give Clair the new phaeton and the pony, to drive herself all the time she is here, just as she did before."

So I don't think she has forgotten Uncle Kittredge's New Year's sermon—do you?

E. M.

THE HOME CIRCLE,

A MODERN MARTHA.

"I make my own bread—plain, wholesome, and sweet;

I set my own table and roast my own meat—
From the chamber aloft to the kitchen so neat,
Whatever's to do, by my own hands is done."

THE words of the poem were exactly applicable to Martha Joyce, although the spirit of calm content embodied therein was wanting that bright afternoon, as she stood in her room putting the "finishing touches" to her toilet; her sister, Louise, had come to spend a few days with her, and had kindly offered to take care of the two little children while Mrs. Joyce made some long-deferred calls, and it was while preparing to perform this social duty that the demon of discontent entered into her soul and, for the time being, held complete possession. Her best dress, a fine black cashmere, seemed so mean and shabby, when she thought of Mrs. Judge Smith's new velvet and Mrs. General De Puff's silks and brocades; then, too, her hat was positively out of date, and her flannel street-jacket, with its velvet collar and facings, looked so cheap, and her Jersey gloves had an unmistakable darn. The little lady's face wore a decided frown as she mentally enumerated these causes for complaint and reflected that there was no known remedy for the evils, since her husband's salary as principal of the public school only comfortably maintained the family and left a little to lay by for a "rainy day;" so, with a sigh, she donned the despised hat and jacket and went out into the open air.

Her first call was at Judge Smith's, and, as the servant ushered her into the elegant parlor, filled with choice furniture and costly trifles, her envious feelings returned with tenfold force. So absorbed was she in thinking of the unequal distribution of wealth in this world, and so dazzled by her surroundings, that when Mrs. Smith entered she failed to observe the careworn face of her hostess, looking doubly careworn from contrast with the beauty about her. After a few commonplace remarks, Mrs. Joyce arose to take her leave. As she did so, Edward Smith, the Judge's only son, came into the room; his face was flushed, his step was unsteady, and in the sudden look of anguish which came to the poor mother's face Mrs. Joyce read the whole story of dissipation and disgrace which made that elegant home a house of mourning. Thankful to escape into the open air, she made her way to Mrs. General De Puff's.

Mrs. De Puff was bewailing the loss of a diamond ring—whether it had been stolen or had slipped from her fingers she did not know. Mrs. De Puff, whose early education had been somewhat neglected, always waxed eloquent over her losses and crosses, and long before Mrs. Joyce left the house she concluded that it was far better to have no diamonds, horses, carriages, or ser-

vants, since they were the sources of nine-tenths of the woes of the human family.

Mrs. Joyce's next call was at Mrs. Kaufmann's, whose husband was the leading merchant of the place. Mrs. Kaufmann welcomed her warmly and then inquired after her children. Martha Joyce's heart gave a great throb as she thought of her two rosy little ones at home and then remembered that the woman before her was childless—there were no little feet in that great house to press the velvet carpets, no little fingers to mark the plate-glass windows or disarrange the costly bric-a-brac; the little child that made music in the lofty rooms had folded her little hands and gone to rest long ago, and only a marble shaft out in the pretty cemetery told the world of a mother's life-long sorrow and a father's grief.

As Mrs. Joyce took her leave she found herself actually pitying those whom she had envied. What to her were all the costly things that wealth could buy compared with the happiness of her home? As she went home in the twilight and sat down at the tea-table, which Louise had spread with plain, but wholesome, food, she looked into the happy faces around her and said:

"Well, there's no place like home, after all."

Her husband laughed, and Louise said, mischievously:

"Is that a discovery you have just made, Martha?"

"Yes and no, both," she answered, gravely. Then she told them all that was in her heart—her discontented feelings and her afternoon's experience, and finished by saying: "I am sure I shall never again harbor an envious thought."

Mr. Joyce thoughtfully took down the old Bible and said:

"Let us hear what the Good Book says, Martha," and he read:

"For godliness, with contentment, is great gain; for we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. Wherefore, having food and raiment, let us be therewith content." M. N. E.

A BIT OF EXPERIENCE.

"SIXTY-FIVE cents a yard for summer silk—good quality," said Hetty, reading an advertisement in a city paper. "'Send for samples.' Agnes, I've a great mind to. Think what a cheap dress that would make!"

"I think there's some doubt about that," said her sister. "We have to buy our dresses for service, you know."

"But I've heard people say there's nothing more serviceable than silk."

"Yes, for those who can get good ones or, indeed, those who can really afford to wear silks at all. We can't."

"Not at sixty-five cents?"

"I don't believe a silk at that price would be good for much."

"There's no harm in sending for samples," said Hetty. "I think I'll do it."

The samples came and really looked very well. Hetty was quite taken with them.

"I always have longed for a silk dress, Agnes," she said, half appealingly. "What are you going to get?"

"A cashmere, I think—in blue. I can get a very nice piece of summer weight for a dollar a yard."

"Dear me, I'm tired of dark, dingy-looking things; I'm tired of serviceable things, any way. I'd like something for prettiness just for once. A cashmere is so heavy and warm for spring and summer wear."

"Sometimes, but when we can have but one good dress we can't afford to look at mere prettiness, dear. A cashmere will be suitable for almost anything I shall be likely to go to."

Hetty looked lovingly at the samples and Agnes could not wonder at their being attractive to so young a girl. But Aunt Hannah sniffed at them in great disdain.

"Shiny stuff! no wear in it at all," she declared. And Aunt Hannah's scorn awakened a little opposition in Hetty's mind. She took the bit between her willful teeth and sent for the silk.

It was, in the sample, a pretty modest brown and blue check. But she exclaimed in a little alarm as she hastily unrolled the express package, the charge for which added sixty-five cents to the cost of her dress—

"They've made a mistake, Agnes!"

Agnes got up to look. It certainly could not have been sent true to the sample. A white check appeared in alternation with blue and brown, giving a totally different expression to the whole. But on looking more closely, they found that the sample had been cut from the darker part, not showing the entire design. Hetty looked dismayed.

"It looks so light and flarey," she said. "I've a great mind to send it back."

"Oh! I wouldn't do that," said Agnes, soberly. "Think of the express. It will not look badly for a summer dress. It's pretty, and not a bit too bright for you, dear."

It was pretty and Hetty felt herself committed to all there was in it, so she resolved to make the best of it. But both felt a little misgiving at the width of the silk. Not having been accustomed to order from samples, neither had realized how narrow "twenty-two inches" was.

"Laws! This aint a goin' to make you no dress," said Miss Elmiry Vance, who had come for a day to cut and fit the new dresses. She rapidly ran the length through her hands and let it sink to the floor with a doleful shake of the head.

"Just as I might have told you," said Aunt Hannah, setting her lips tightly together.

"How much more will it take?" asked Hetty, with a sinking at her heart.

"Basque—skirt—flounces—overskirt—well, I should say 'twould take all of five yard more.

It a'uns takes more of such light-weight goods than good, solid ones. And you'll never dare to cut into it until you know whether or no you can git it. And I can't squeeze out another half day, do the best I can, short of three weeks."

Poor Hetty was beginning to hate the sight of the silk, and sorrowfully felt that she had made a mistake, as Agnes's cashmere, bought for six dollars without any more fussing, began to assume shape, its soft folds falling daintily about her figure with a grace which bore out Elmiry's assertion:

"There's no end o' satisfaction in a good cashmere."

But the extra quantity of silk came, and in course of time "made up awful stylish," Miss Elmiry assured her, and Hetty began to take comfort in her dress.

Wearing it to church was not a satisfaction, for it was too conspicuous. But at a party as extensive as anything which ever occurred in their quiet country town she thoroughly enjoyed her silk. It was in every way suited to the occasion, and she felt a girlish delight in being so nicely dressed.

But alas! such occasions were few and far between. For quieter wear Hetty fully realized how a showy costume always looks like "the same dress." Agnes, always graceful and lady-like, looked in her modest cashmere well suited to the plainest occasion, while her skill in the arrangement of some fine old lace and a few ribbons gave it an elegance sufficient for the rare demands upon her for a more elaborate toilet.

After the first few wearings Hetty perceived with uneasiness that the fresh look of her dress was departing. The gloss wore off, and the undeniably "sleazy" character of the goods became fully apparent as the flounces settled down with a persistent clinging which careful pressing would revive for but a short time.

"It's no use, Aggie," she said, trying to laugh as Agnes tried to puff out the bow at the back, which relapsed into a dispirited droop the moment her hands left it. "I went in for it with my eyes open, in spite of all your friendly warnings and Aunt Hannah's frowns. I might as well make up my mind to it, for I can't help myself."

And to church and church sociables, for visiting, calling, and what not, she wore it, bearing it bravely even when some one maliciously whispered in her ear:

"It looks like a ten-cent gingham."

"What are you going to do with it?" asked Agnes, as Hetty brought it out the next spring.

"I don't know yet," she said, tossing over with a discouraged face the forlorn-looking, faded thing. "I'm going to try and dye it and then get a bit of some other goods and make up with it. I've done with cheap silks. This trash cost a third more than your cashmere."

But the silk would not dye, and Hetty could have cried in sheer disgust at the thought of being obliged to wear it as it was for another summer. The only thing was to turn it, and for two days she ripped and sponged and wrapped in damp cloths and pressed, casting meanwhile many a wistful look at Agnes's dress,

which, with a few alterations, seemed to be coming out as fresh as ever.

"How do you s'pose that miser'ble stuff's going to look made over?" asked Aunt Hannah, giving a contemptuous toss to a corner of the silk as Hetty held it up, trying to imagine it would look well.

"Poorly enough, I guess," said Hetty.

"Going to get a piece of mosquito netting to make up with it?" And Aunt Hannah took time to laugh, in great enjoyment of her wit, before adding: "I told you exactly how 't would be, you know?"

Hetty pressed away, sorely tempted to make a sharp response, but trying hard to remember times when Aunt Hannah had been kind.

"But you've wore it well, I must say," went on Aunt Hannah, "and now you've worked over it as persevering as any hero, and if you like I'm willing to let you have a piece of goods I got for my own dress and take this for a lining to my silk quilt. It's all it's fit for, I'm sure. That is, if you don't think my dress is too old and sombre for you."

She got up and left the room.

"What do you suppose it is?" said Hetty, opening her eyes in mingled surprise, hope, and dread, remembering with trepidation some of Aunt Hannah's dingy shades and fearful mixtures.

But Aunt Hannah laid in her lap a soft roll of black cashmere.

"O Aunt Hannah!" cried Hetty, in an ecstasy of delight. "It's the very thing I should have chosen. Black cashmere—all the rage! Oh! how good 'of you to help me out!" And Hetty hugged and kissed the dear old lady till her eyes shone. "Now, confess, Aunt Hannah," said Hetty as she held the goods up before the light to see the lustre, "didn't you buy this on purpose for me?"

But Aunt Hannah only said:

"Nonsense, child!"

THAT BOY.

HE is human, of course, but all the same he moves in a queer little world of his own. Grown-up folk in general he regards as a discipline, and not friendly on the whole to his personal interests. His parents are necessary; so much is obvious to him. But they have extraordinary ideas about right and wrong, theorize preposterously on wet feet and holes in trousers, and hold unaccountable opinions about school and the washing of faces and hands. He submits to all this as far as he must, and consoles himself with the reflection that some day he will be old enough to do without parents, and then he will not wash his face oftener than he chooses, nor go to school. In the meantime he plays truant as frequently as he can, and especially when autumn, with her mellowing fingers, has been busy among the wild fruit is he to be found afield. What a happy little wretch it is! Everything about him excites him to activity; everything affords him pleasure. Whistling, throwing stones, chasing butterflies, eating blackberries, he wanders about, a

thoroughly careless, irresponsible, gladsome urchin. Nothing hurts him. He triumphs over the miscellaneous food he crams himself with; comes up smiling after every accident. His body is all elastic and hinges, and it does not matter much how he tumbles.

I saw some time ago an account of a boy who sat on the blow-hole of a stranded whale, and was suddenly snorted off by the indignant behemoth fifty feet up in the air and as many yards out to sea. I do not say the story is true, but I hope it is. So, too, quite recently, a boy going along in a field in Cornwall was suddenly snatched up by a whirlwind and whisked over the hedge. But in each case he came back quite unhurt. There is one catastrophe, however, to which he seems particularly liable, and that is the wasp. Where he finds so many it is difficult to say, but the fact remains that he has a positive genius for getting stung. This demoralizes him altogether, and he has been known to run prodigious distances to report the calamity to the domestic circle, roaring all the way.

For one thing, the wasp is like the boy, a rummager in hedgerows; for another, it is very fond of blackberries. Moreover, it is given to concealing itself, especially in fruit, and as the urchin, with sweet trustfulness in things in general, seems to think it a reflection upon Providence that he should examine what he is going to eat before he puts it in his mouth, he does not, as a rule, detect the insect upon the berry or inside the plum till it is too late and the wasp has made its protest. The boy's confidence in nature is so complete, so generous, that he disdains anything that has the appearance of caution, and when one sees him in the middle of a bramble-bush picking with both hands and popping in the berries without the least examination, it is perfectly awful to think of the entomological odds and ends that he must consume in the course of a day's debauch. The wasp, on the other hand, is of a suspicious sort, quick to take offense and prompt in reprisals when liberties are taken with it. It has only one argument, but that is a stinging one, and the boys therefore hold the "wops" in abomination.—*The Contemporary Review.*

MATRONS IN FICTION.

POETS will rave of the beauty of their heroines and writers of prose insist that their main characters must be young and lovely in order to win and keep their readers' interest; therefore, golden ringlets, heavenly blue eyes, and coral lips, or raven locks, creamy complexions, and melting black eyes, are the theme of song and story.

Yet, before and since the days of *Cornelia* and her jewels, the matronly grace of middle age is quite as apt to attract, and some of the loveliest characters of fiction are those who have passed their first youth. We can listen and smile at the vagaries of youthful heroines—their flirtations, their quarrels and reconciliations; but when we wish comfort, sympathy, and helpful example, it is the middle-aged char-

acters in a good book that give it, and our most lasting appreciation is for them. It is doubtful if any heroine in any book has had better influence upon the forming character of its girl-readers than that of "Mrs. Hartley," in T. S. Arthur's *Three Eras in Woman's Life*. It is not a new book—therefore has borne the test of time; and as one generation has passed from girlhood to become the heads of households, another takes its place equally benefited by the beautiful and helpful lessons she teaches. The faithful worker in the vineyard of literature has laid aside his pen and passed to his reward; but his work lives, and "Mrs. Hartley" still gives to many a maiden, wife, and mother words of counsel and encouragement.

Cold and reserved as was the character of "Mrs. Pryor," in Charlotte Brontë's *Shirley*, she found a warm place in the hearts of her readers; and "Ma Chère Mère," in the *Neighbors*, of Frederica Bremer, is many a reader's ideal of efficiency and matronly dignity combined. My *Lady Ludlow*, of Mrs. Gaskell, is one's ideal of genuine aristocracy. Katy's mother, in *Stepping Heavenward*, has scarcely her peer in fiction, representing, as she does, the saintly type; while the "Aunt Fortune" of Miss Warner's *Wide, Wide World* is just as true a type of thrifty, energetic, managing single-blessedness. In more recent books, the character of "Mrs. Carleton," in Mrs. Ireland's *Timothy*, *His Neighbors* and *His Friends*, is a perfect type of the domestic, lovable, large-hearted, open-handed woman, whose very presence breathes comfort and protection to younger and less self-sustaining people. The "Mrs. Le Roy," in Mr. Edgar Fawcett's *Hopeless Case*, is as excellent a representation of the fashionable, intriguing woman in high life, as is "Shrewsbury"—the humble friend to Dr. Gilbert's *Daughters*, in Mrs. Mathews' book—of faithful servitude.

All these characters are separate and distinct types of womanhood, while the lovely young girls in fiction are generally as much alike as wax fruit run in the same mold.

MRS. ELLA J. HAVENS.

LICHENS FROM WAYSIDE ROCKS.

No. 25.

SHALL we walk together through another year, dear "Home" friends, trying to help each other, if possible, by making some one's way smoother or burdens a little lighter or life brighter or braver?

Sometimes cheering, encouraging words do more good than we have any idea of; or the "word spoken in season," leading to just the thoughts we need, but which had not come to us unaided, and which lead us on to the true source of help.

I wonder how many of those who have read the pages of this magazine during the past year will read it again with us in the coming one? And how many have "gone forward" into the higher state of existence and what influence they have left behind?

I am reading daily, now, the sweetest and

most helpful little book that ever found its way to my notice, *The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life*. It has revealed to me secrets unthought of before, in explaining God's ways and showing how we may find a better, easier way of bearing our burdens than many of us have, or, rather, how we need not bear them, but give them up to Him to bear for us; that we may take all the trials, worries, and annoyances of daily life that sometimes keep us in a more miserable state than greater troubles, and give them over to Him, leaving them there, instead of bringing them away again, as the most of us do, and struggling on under their weight; and if they return, take them again and again, leaving them, persistently, until we can cease worrying or suffering from them and go on cheerfully, feeling that He will attend to them all.

And if the taunts or slights or harsh words or misjudgment of others wound or anger us, it bids us remember that nothing of this kind can really harm us if protected by Him; so that, safely sheltered there under His shadow, we need not allow them to touch us.

It counsels earnestly our giving ourselves up entirely to His will in all things, not trying to choose our own way, but letting Him make it for us day by day; lying passively in His hands, as clay in the hands of the potter, for Him to mold and fashion us into vessels of His own design, fitted for His use and service continually.

If it could only be possible for more of us to do this—as I suppose some serene, calm souls have done—if we could keep all these thoughts, which we know would lead us right, in our minds at the time when we need them most, how different our lives would be—how much happier! Not with earthly happiness always—it may be denied, and trials and temptations be the daily portion; but with the peace and rest of abiding in Him, the "life hid with Christ in God," which many of us long for, but in our weakness or willfulness or worldliness fail to find, and walk with such uncertain steps—sometimes hopefully and bravely following Him and rejoicing in the light, sometimes stumbling and falling "on the world's great altar-stairs, that lead through darkness up to God."

As this year draws to a close, I think over what it has been and what the coming one may be with many conflicting emotions. It is so natural to long to know what our path will be, and to reach out, gropingly, in vain endeavor to grasp something of the future.

But we can only leave it in God's hands, trusting and praying Him to fit us for its duties, to guide us into straight paths, and to "work in us all the good pleasure of His will."

LICHEN.

PEACE AND JOY.—Peace is better than joy. Joy is an uneasy guest, and is always on tiptoe to depart; it tries and wears us out, and yet keeps us ever fearing that the next moment it may be gone. Peace is not so. It comes more quietly, it stays more contentedly, and it never exhausts our strength or gives one anxious, forecasting thought.

HELEN'S POLKA.

No. 1.*

In dance time.

R. J. EPING.

Octaves ad lib.

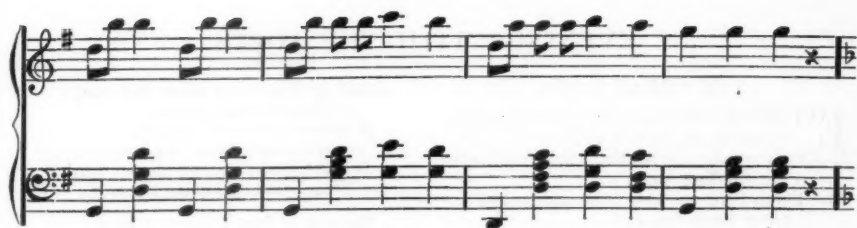
FINE.

No. 2.

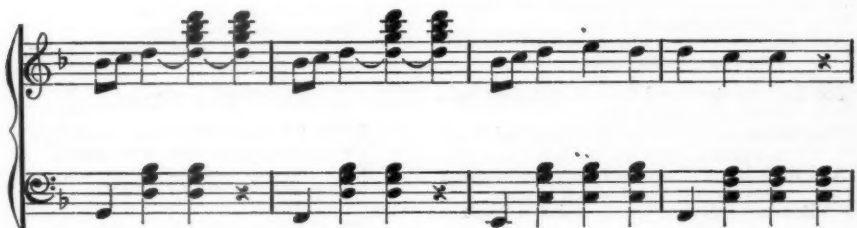
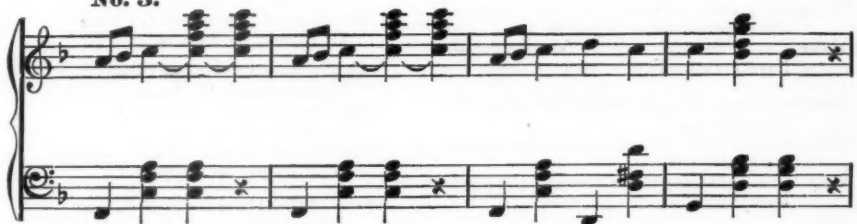
* Play No. 1 twice; then No. 2; then No. 1; then No. 3, and finish with No. 1.

HELEN'S POLKA.

69



No. 3.



EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

THE GREAT DAYS.

EVERMORE all the days are long and the cheerless skies are gray ;
Restlessly wander the baffling winds that scatter the blinding spray,
And the drifting currents come and go like serpents across my way.

Wearily fades the evening dim, drearily wears the night,
The ghostly mists, and the hurrying clouds, and the breakers' crests of white
Have blotted the stars from the desolate skies—
have curtained them from my sight.

Speeding alone, my wave-tossed bark encounters no passing sail ;
Welcoming friend nor challenging foe answers my eager hail—
Only the sobbing, unquiet waves and the wind's unceasing wail.

Hopefully still my sails are bent, my pilot is faultlessly true ;
He holds my course as though the seas and the mirrored skies were blue,
And the port of peace, where the winds are still, were evermore in view.

For over the spray and the rain and the clouds shines the eternal sun,
The unchanging stars in the curtained dome still gleam when the day is done,
And the mists will be kissed from the laughing skies when the port of rest is won.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE, in *Brooklyn Eagle*.

PANE PICTURES.

A WONDER-WORKER all night long
Has wrought his task for me ;
Now, by the cold and distant dawn
His miracles I see—
His gravings on the window-pane
Of magic tracery.

Here lifts an Alpine summit, steep
As is the heavenly stair,
A wayside cross below the path,
But not a pilgrim there ;
No sad face of humanity,
No agony of prayer.

And here, before a lonely lake,
A fringe of reeds and fern ;
Across the water's crystal chill
No dying sunsets burn ;
You hear not on that rushy shore
The call of drake or tern.

Here lies a crowd of broken boughs,
A windfall in the woods ;
Some wild and wandering hurricane
Hath wrecked these solitudes ;
But on that tangled dreariness
No living step intrudes.

70

And here is Arctic waste and woe,
A glacier's mighty face,
Majestic in its awful march,
Slow seaward from its place.
Beneath that frown of solemn death
There lives no human trace.

But slowly from the joyful East
Ascends the dawning sun ;
Before his look of light and life
The magic is undone—
The graceful pictures on the pane
All vanish, one by one.

Alas ! must all the songs I sing,
The tracteries of my brain—
The little stories sad and glad
Be uttered all in vain,
And vanish when the Master comes,
Like pictures on the pane ?

Or will they, in some kindly heart
Remembered, sing and shine ?
For wrought from man's humanity,
Not fleeting frost, are mine ;
I love not to be quite forgot,
To die and leave no sign.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

THE TRUE PEARL.

NOT what the chemists say they be
Are pearls—they never grew ;
They come not from the hollow sea,
They come from heaven in dew !

Down in the Indian Sea it slips,
Through green and shiny whirls,
Where great shells catch it in their lips
And kiss it into pearls.

If dew can be so beauteous made,
Oh ! why not tears, my girl ?
Why not your tears ? Be not afraid—
I do but kiss a pearl.

R. H. STODDART.

TO-NIGHT.

BEND low, O dusky night !
And give my spirit rest,
Hold me to your deep breast
And put old cares to flight.
Give back the lost delight
That once my soul possessed
When love was loveliest—
Bend low, O dusky night !

Enfold me in your arms—
The sole embrace I crave,
Until the embracing grave
Shield me from life's alarms.
I dare your subtlest charms,
Your deepest spell I brave,
O strong to slay or save !
Enfold me in your arms !

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

YOUNG LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

"HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

MY DEAR GIRLS:—One year ago, in a note received from our dear friend, the founder of the HOME MAGAZINE, he says, "May all the kind and good wishes that you have desired for another be blessed to your own heart and life."

I think of it now as the season so especially fruitful in good wishes approaches; and it comes to me almost like a message from beyond the gates, and as though it were a message for all true, sincere, earnest, and loving hearts. I can tender my own wishes for you in no words so full and so beautiful; and, as I write them, I feel as though his spirit again breathes them for all those for whom he so long endeavored to provide pure and healthful and elevating nourishment for mind and spirit.

This New Year he is enjoying the full blessedness of all the kind and loving desires with which his life was filled. We here on earth enjoy in our more limited measure, too, a certain measure of that blessedness; for we can have no thought or feeling that does not leave its impress upon us and upon our characters. "The good we will" with a purpose sufficiently strong and deep to insure its being done, if its accomplishment lays within our possibility, "with God, is done;" and by Him it is written in undying characters upon the tablets that shall one day be opened wide to the pure, unerring reading and judgment of eternity.

We welcome the New Year while the music of the Christmas chimes is still thrilling our feeling with the notes of exalting melody, while the Christmas boughs are still yielding their aromatic fragrance, and the Christmas goodwill and peace still cause our hearts to glow with more than their wonted generous and unselfish impulses. The influence of the pure Love which gave all and bore all for Love's own sake, brings us to the threshold of the New Year with the gentler and more loving frame of mind which makes us more than usually susceptible to the great truth that "Truth, Love and Justice" hold the scales of all true living.

We look back, even the youngest of us girls, into the year just passed, recalling its various victories and failures, its joys and delights, and its disappointments and sorrows; and we look forward resolving to do better and to be better in the year that is just dawning. Our hearts are full of hopes, plans, dreams—and we are ready to make many new and strong resolutions.

But we must be careful to distinguish between a resolution (which *ought* to be a fixed resolve), and an aspiration or desire. The latter may be as light as a breath and as ephemeral. To *wish* to do better, to be truer, gentler, wiser, more faithful to all duty, more womanly—nobler in every way, is easy. But the mere wishing amounts to so very little. The wish must be strong enough, deep enough, vital enough, to

have effect in action in life and deed, to be real, and truly beneficial.

And now, just here, I feel inclined to quote for you an absurd children's rhyme:

"A student of great enterprise
Went out to see the sun rise;
But he faced the wrong way
And he stood there all day,
Very much to the neighbor's surprise."

I quote this, because anything that is drolly or oddly put is frequently better remembered because of its oddity; and I want you to remember that it is important, if we would see the sun of life rise upon our aims and efforts, that we "face" the right way. And not only this, but if we have reason to suspect that we are turned in the wrong direction, we should be wise enough to be willing to investigate the matter, and, if we find ourselves in the wrong, to face about.

There are those who, having once settled a plan to their own satisfaction, are entirely unwilling to change it—not always because they believe, after a little thought or trial, it to be the best, but that they are unwilling, even to themselves, to admit they are wrong, or to yield a determination once formed. A very simple descriptive word for this state of mind would be obstinacy; and obstinacy is born of self-will or self-love. The most of the evils of character and disposition are born of self-love. It is that selfishness which can never see anything except in regard to the way it touches or bears upon self; it breeds vanity, deceit, envy, jealousy, hatred, and all those evils which taint and corrupt character.

We must not confuse obstinacy with firmness. "Obstinacy is of temper; firmness is of reason." Obstinacy is the product and resource of narrow and selfish minds. The firmness which enables us, even though with aching hearts and bleeding feet, to pursue a lonely path beset with the bristling thorns and briers of difficulty because it is right, and because, being right to the bruised traveler, there can be no other way than to go steadfastly forward with such patience and heroism as is possible—this is a God-given power which will lead one over all the hills of difficulty, through all trials and tribulations unto the portals of perfect peace.

Out of the fullness of my tender thought of you, and my manifold wishes for you, I will only now add what I have doubtless said before. Try to make the best use of every day and hour as it comes. Remember that "now" is indeed "the only bird that lays the eggs of gold." It is only step by step that the longest journey is accomplished; only stitch by stitch that the most intricate garment is fashioned; only moment by moment that life itself is lived; and what we do and what we gather in the moments as they pass make up the sums total of the debit and credit columns which, by and by, we shall

offer as our "ledgers," when we leave this preparatory school of life.

"True life is not in length of days, but in quality of being," says a wise and thoughtful man. Weak we shall be, faulty we shall be, yet we can always strive that the quality of our being is improving. To be human is to be imperfect; but we can strive that our course may be ever upward. There is no crime in falling, so we pick ourselves up again undismayed, and lose not the high aim for which we are making our endeavor. The great aim of our lives should be to ever see more and more clearly; to have a better and truer mastery over ourselves; to perceive our opportunities, and to be able

better and better to answer to their call—to become better, purer, more true and loving women—and Love is the great teacher of all good, for God is Love.

May we all, my dear young friends, have our faces so turned that we may see the light of the Sun of Righteousness and Love. And may there rest in all our hearts this earnest prayer as we greet the new-born year: "Father, look into my heart, for it is Thine. Make it pure and good and true, even as Thou wouldst have it. Work in it and through it Thy will, that I may become truly a child of love and light—Thy child and Thy disciple. Amen."

AUNTIE.

HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE TRIALS OF A YOUNG HOUSE-KEEPER.

"WHAT! in tears again?" exclaimed Jack's cheery voice as he entered the cozy kitchen where I, a bride of six weeks, sat "plunged in the depths of dark despair."

On my kitchen table lay three loaves of bread and two pies—heavy enough to impair the digestion of an ostrich.

As I arose to welcome Jack, I glanced toward the above-mentioned articles and gave vent to a fresh torrent of tears.

"Come, come, little one, remember that

'In the bright lexicon of youth,
There's no such word as fail.'

Take my word for it, Nell, you are sure to prove a success in the culinary art. But I haven't told you what brought me home at this heathenish hour."

"If I had known you were coming, Jack, I would have had all this horrid stuff out of sight."

"Well, never mind. Give it to the chickens; I've heard that they are fond of *solid* food," said Jack, mischievously.

The flood-gates were about to open again, when Jack threw me into a state of consternation by saying:

"I received a letter from Aunt Maria, requesting me to meet her at the station at four o'clock."

"O Jack! what *shall* I do? Aunt Maria is such a perfect housekeeper. What *will* she think of me?"

"Think of you, Nell? Why, she will agree with me and pronounce you one of the dearest, sweetest—"

At this stage I put my hand over Jack's mouth, and felt as though I did not deserve a tithe of the praise bestowed upon me.

"Don't worry about supper, little one. I will order what you will need from the 'butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker,'" and kissing me affectionately, the dear fellow hurried away in the direction of his office.

The first thing to be done was to put the peculiar-looking bread and pies out of sight; then my kitchen went through a cleaning pro-

cess, until it fairly glistened in the sunlight peeping through the dainty white curtain that hung at the window.

Running up-stairs, I arrayed myself in a pretty blue muslin, that Jack declared the most becoming of all my dresses, and by the time my refractory curls were brushed into place and the white frill and cute bow of ribbon put on, I found that it was time to set my table for tea.

The beef, biscuits, and fruit, ordered by Jack, arrived in due time, and after arranging them upon the table I drew back to view the result of my labor.

My table looked beautiful. I made my tea, and when I heard a well-known footstep coming up the pathway I was in a very good frame of mind to give Aunt Maria a cordial welcome.

Aunt Maria was the dearest and most lovable person imaginable. During the evening she made a complete capture of my heart.

The next morning, while we were seated at the breakfast table, Aunt Maria turned to me and said:

"Remember, Nellie, I am to be 'one of the family' in every sense of the word. We will exchange ideas about cooking, etc., and you must permit me to assist you in all your household duties. Let me see; this is Wednesday; is it your baking day?"

My face flushed, and I could see Jack's mouth twitch. I managed to answer that I did not have any particular day.

"Oh! well, so much better. I can set bread for you this morning, and we can have delicious biscuits for Jack's supper."

I followed Jack to the door. When he kissed me he pinched my cheek and whispered:

"Don't look so solemn, little one. Aunt Maria isn't an ogre, and I will never tell that yesterday was baking day;" and with a merry glance over his shoulder, Jack disappeared.

When I returned to the kitchen I found Aunt Maria standing by the table with the bake-pan in front of her.

"You know that I am an old housekeeper, Nellie, and perhaps you will find my way of preparing things easier than your own," said Aunt Maria. "Suppose you stand by me while

I mix up the bread. After sifting the flour I bank it around the pan, leaving about three pounds in the centre. I found a cake of 'compressed yeast' in the pantry and dissolved it in about a quart of lukewarm water. (The water must not be hot or the bread will be full of holes.) I add a tablespoonful of salt; then, pouring on the yeast water, I mix the sponge thoroughly. The top of your range will be a famous place to set the pan. Now I will cover it and let it remain for about an hour and a half. The cold potatoes and bit of meat left over from yesterday will make delicious 'mystics' for tea. The potatoes must be mashed very fine, one egg and a pinch of salt added. While I sprinkle the bake-board with flour and roll out the potatoes, you may chop the meat very fine and season it with pepper and salt. You will see, Nellie, that the potato must be rolled until it is about a half inch in thickness. This saucer will cut a piece sufficiently large. Now I will place a spoonful of the chopped meat on one half, fold over the other half, and press the edges together. See what a pretty half-moon is formed! I have made four 'mystics.' Put them on a plate, please, and set them in the pantry until we are ready for them."

"I am delighted with the appearance of this sponge!" exclaimed Aunt Maria, an hour and a half later.

It did, indeed, look lovely.

"Bread must be thoroughly worked," said Aunt Maria, "in order to be digestible. I work in the flour gradually until I find that the dough does not stick to my fingers. Cutting off a piece of dough, I knead it until it is perfectly smooth, then place it in the pan in which I propose to bake it. The quantity that I have prepared will make two loaves of bread and a pan of biscuits. A piece of lard half the size of a hen's egg should be added to the biscuit dough.

"See, Nellie, how firm the dough is. I find that I will have a small piece of dough left. I will add one egg and four tablespoonfuls of sugar. While I am working it you may wash half a cup of currants and let the water drain through a colander. The dough must be rolled until it is about half an inch thick. Hand me the currants, please. They must be spread over the surface evenly, and when that is done a tablespoonful of sugar and cinnamon must be sprinkled over them. It is the easiest thing in the world to fold the dough just as you would a jelly-cake. This narrow pan will do nicely to bake it in.

"Now, if you please, Nellie, place all the pans in a row on the table and cover them with this white cloth.

"Are you surprised to see everything done so quickly? I used to set my sponge at night, then in the morning knead it, and set it away to raise again before making it up into the pans, so you see the dough raised *three times* before it was ready for the oven. Bread subjected to two 'raisings' is sweeter and more wholesome. I know a chronic dyspeptic who is not the least bit afraid to eat three of my biscuits before they have had time to cool. I always make a pan of biscuits, so that it will

not be necessary to cut a loaf of bread while it is quite fresh.

"You will know whether the oven is hot enough if you put your hand in and feel sure that you would be badly burned if you keep it there another instant.

"I saw several loaves of stale bread in the pantry," continued Aunt Maria; "suppose we have one of them and see what can be done with it?"

Glancing toward a small mirror that hung against the wall, I caught a glimpse of my face; it was scarlet.

"Aunt Maria," I said, in a trembling voice, while the ever-ready tears threatened to break forth at once, "that isn't stale bread; it is—it is—"

"Oh! yes, I see, just like some of the experiments that I used to make when I commenced to keep house. I can laugh at my mistakes now, but during the early part of my married life my efforts at preparing palatable food were such a succession of disastrous failures that I shed enough tears to flood the Desert of Sahara.

"I will cut the bread into thin slices about four inches square, and put them away until we are ready to use them."

About an hour before it was time for Jack to make his appearance, Aunt Maria and I adjourned to the kitchen.

The "mystics" were bought from the pantry and dropped into a pan of hot fat. In a short time they were browned beautifully on both sides. Removing them from the fat, they were laid on a clean cloth to drain, then placed on a hot plate and set in the oven until needed.

Aunt Maria beat up an egg, and adding salt, dipped the pieces of bread in the egg, and placing them in the pan of hot fat, let them remain until they were a delicate brown. She piled them on a plate, and sprinkling sugar over them, put the plate in a warm place.

"Nellie! Aunt Maria! where are you?" cried Jack as he came up the garden path with a hop, skip, and jump. "I'm as hungry as a bear, and judging from the agreeable odor that greeted my olfactories I believe that something good is in store for me."

"You are to be led to the feast blindfolded, sir," I said, drawing my handkerchief across Jack's eyes.

Placing Jack in his chair at the head of the table, I removed the 'kerchief. It was a treat to see Jack's look of astonishment.

"Whew! biscuit, cinnamon bun, and—I don't what you call all the rest, but this is a meal fit to set before a king."

A number of years have passed away since I shed "oceans of tears" over my culinary failures, and, like Aunt Maria, I can laugh heartily when recounting my numerous blunders.

My three daughters are still very young, but I have resolved that they shall be taught the art of bread-making and also be thoroughly versed in all matters necessary to enable them to reign supreme in their own household; and instead of being a millstone around the neck of the individual whom they vow to take for better or worse, they will, when they leave the home-nest, be "worth their weight in gold."

MARY AUGUSTA THURSTON.

OUR USEFUL CELERY.

ALMOST every one is fond of celery, even if they do not care to use it in its natural, crude, crisp, raw, and (to many) delicious state; its flavor, pleasant and penetrating, makes it a universal favorite among vegetables. I think housekeepers may well call it "a friend," because of the numerous ways in which it can be called to their aid; and after our pet lettuce has gone to seed, and becomes only a rather scarce hot-house production, how we long for our winter substitute in salads and so forth.

In this part of the country celery is grown in such great quantities and is produced so cheaply, that the dainty vegetable can take its place on the poor man's table as well as on the board of the luxurious, where it is become almost a necessity.

Let us take a simple bunch of celery and see what we can do with it. Cut off first the larger green leaves and place them on a plate and set them near the heat of the stove. After they have become well dried—slowly—you can powder them quite finely in your hand. Put the powder in a jar or bottle, to reserve as flavoring for soups, gravies, and so on. The tender young leaves can be kept in a glass of water, and used—as parsley often is—for a decoration to any dish that needs a finish. The delicate, white, tender stalks we would not sacrifice by any artificial preparation—by their crisp freshness alone they might tempt a dying anchorite to eat—so we serve them as they are; the roots and green pieces are good for soup, and the larger white stalks may be used as a vegetable, stewed, or made into a delicious sauce for meats, or help make up a hundred different salads that fancy or cook books suggest.

CELERY "AU NATUREL."—Scrape and wash it well, and let it lie in cold water till a short

time before using it; then dry in a cloth; trim it nicely, and split the stalks nearly to the bottom, leaving on very few of the leaves.

CELERY SOUP.—Boil the coarser parts of the celery in a quart of water for an hour; then press them through a fine colander, return to the water, add one quart of milk (half cream is better), salt, pepper, and butter the size of an egg; allow all to boil together, and thicken with a teaspoonful of corn-starch.

CELERY OYSTERS.—Take equal quantities of minced celery and cold veal (or chicken), one boiled potato, well beaten, and two eggs, with a half cup of milk; bind with enough flour to make it drop from a spoon; drop into boiling lard portions as large as an oyster. Serve very hot with drawn butter over.

CELERY STEWED.—Take the firm white parts, cut into small pieces, and stew for a half hour in very little water. Add a little cream, butter, and salt, and a very little thickening.

CELERY SAUCE.—A most delicate and delicious sauce can be made by cutting some celery into small pieces; cover it with water, and let it simmer till perfectly soft. Then mix thoroughly with a spoon, beating in a lump of butter and cream enough to make it of a nice consistency; put in a little salt and pepper, and return it to the fire for a little simmer again. It is good to serve with any rather flavorless meats which need such a sauce.

BAKED CELERY.—Boil five eggs hard; when cold, chop into small pieces; boil a pint of celery (in small bits) till it is tender; add a pint of milk, a spoonful of corn-starch, salt and pepper, and the chopped eggs; pour into a baking dish; put butter and a layer of bread-crumbs over the top, and bake twenty minutes in a quick oven.

MARTHA.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

SUGGESTIONS TO YOUNG NURSES.

A CONFIRMED invalid—that is, one who is suffering from consumption, liver complaint, bronchitis, or their kindred diseases, or those who are recovering from other diseases and are so far convalescent that the physician says they "may have a little of anything they wish for"—are often very difficult to suit, not from any innate disposition to find fault, but because their appetite is so fickle. Oftentimes they will think of something and express a wish for it; but before the nurse can procure and prepare it, be she ever so expeditious, the wish for it has passed away.

A very nice dish for such an invalid, and one that is called very strengthening, is a squirrel or partridge, boiled until the meat will easily slip from the bones; then shred—not chop—the meat up very fine. In the meantime, have some rice

soaking in a little water on the back of the stove. A teacupful of dry rice to a full-grown partridge is a good proportion. After shredding up the meat, return it to the broth and add the rice, cooking it slowly a long time, adding water as it needs it, and salt to the taste. It will become a perfect jelly if cooked as long as it should be. If neither squirrel nor partridge can be got, a young chicken or a bit of tender lamb may be cooked in the same manner.

Never carry in a large quantity of food if you wish to have it eaten. Rather let the amount of each kind of food look "stingy" than too abundant; you can easily have more in reserve, to be got if needed; but the sight of a large amount will often take away all desire for food.

Sometimes, when patients tease for food which they must not have, by acting upon this idea you can satisfy and still keep them from eating

it. A friend of mine had a daughter very sick and in that stage of the disease when only a little gruel or milk could be allowed, while she craved other food. One day she found out, by some means, that the family were going to have baked beans for dinner, and she asked the nurse if she might have some. Of course the nurse said "No" very decidedly, and equally, of course, the girl plead for the beans. By and by the mother came in, and the girl told her she wanted some beans, and that the nurse had said she could not have them. "Can't I have some, mother?"

"Yes," said the mother, "you shall have *all you want* when they are done."

When dinner was ready she took a large saucer and just heaped it with beans till no more could be made to lay on, placed a spoon on the top, and carried them in.

"Why, mother! what did you bring so many for?"

"I told you you should have 'all you wanted,' did I not?"

"Well, you may carry them off—I don't want them; I just thought you would bring me a few in a spoon."

This was just what the mother intended. Had she carried in the few in a spoon the girl would probably have eaten them and might have died from it; but seeing and smelling so many sickened her of them. Yet she was satisfied and did not ask for them again.

In cases of dysentery, chronic diarrhoea, and often in the first stages of convalescence after typhoid fever, it is well to use parched rice. Put some dry rice in a spider or dripping-pan, and slightly brown it, as if for coffee. Then boil it gently for three hours or more, till reduced to a smooth jelly. If you have no double kettle for cooking it, you can improvise one by putting the rice in a small pail or a tin basin and set that in the kettle of boiling water. Put a couple of large nails, or anything else that will answer the purpose (the iron ring from a beetle is nice), in the bottom of the kettle to set the dish on, so that the water may be under, as well as around, it. In the first stages of dysentery it will often effect a cure without the aid of medicine.

Invalids who are recovering from a fever or some other acute disease, and have got so far well that they can have a taste of whatever their appetite craves, would do well to try *new dishes* in the morning, rather than later in the day, as by that means, if the food should "lie heavy" on the stomach, or in any other way cause disturbance, it will be in the daytime, rather than in the night, and will make it much easier for the attendants, and, besides, it does seem as if a pain in the night was harder to bear than in the daytime.

Sometimes, when solid food cannot be taken and broths and gruels have palled upon the taste, a new egg, prepared as an uncooked custard, will be taken with a keen relish. Break a fresh egg into a teacup, add sugar to taste and the least dust of salt; beat till very light and fill the cup with rich, creamy milk. It is very strengthening, and when only a teaspoonful can be taken at intervals of one or two hours it has proved to be a most excellent thing.

To old and experienced nurses these minute directions may seem very simple and unnecessary, but to those who lack experience and are striving to do the best they can, I hope they will not prove altogether useless.

SISTER CALLIE.

"TILL THE DOCTOR COMES AND HOW TO HELP HIM."

FROM a most valuable little English book bearing the above title, we make the following extracts, trusting they may be of real, practical value to many of our readers who do not live within easy reach of a doctor:

The Medicine-chest.—Get a small box. Keep it always locked and out of the way of the children. Let it stand where you can put your hand on it in a minute. Just put in it what you are most likely to want—a roll of old linen, of muslin and flannel, the older the better, but clean and dry; a little lint and some sticking-plaster; a pair of scissors; some pins, tape, and a few large needles ready threaded; some castor-oil, sirup of ipecac, turpentine, dry mustard, a small bottle of laudanum—marked poison—arnica, camphor, ginger, and a pint bottle of linseed-oil and lime-water.

Burns and Scalds.—These are constantly occurring, not only in poor families, but in every class of society. The number of children who die from these causes is dreadful; but when we consider the love of playing with fire common to children, the careless manner in which lucifer matches are carried loose in pockets and dropped on to floors, or the way in which hot liquids are placed in the way of children, the wonder is that they do not happen more frequently.

Putting Out the Fire.—Take this case, a description of which is unfortunately happening every day: A woman's clothes takes fire; she is wrapped in flames; her arms and hands, her neck and face, are scorched with the heat; her hair is in a blaze; the smoke is suffocating her. She becomes utterly confused and rushes to and fro, so creating a current of air, which increases the fire. The best thing she could have done would have been instantly to roll upon the floor. But how few would have presence of mind to do this! The more need for a friend to do it for her. Seize her by the hand or by some part of the dress which is not burning, and throw her on the ground. Slip off a coat or shawl, a bit of carpet, anything you can snatch up quickly; hold this before you, clasp her tightly with it, which will protect your hands. As quickly as possible fetch plenty of water; make everything thoroughly wet, for though the flame is out, there is still the hot cinder and the half-burnt clothing eating into the flesh; carry her carefully into a warm room, lay her on a table or on a carpet on the floor—not the bed—give her some warm, stimulating drink, send for the doctor, and proceed to the next operation—

Removing the Clothes.—Perhaps in the whole course of accidents there is not one which re-

quires so much care and gentleness as this. We want only three people in the room—one on each side of the patient and one to wait upon them. Oh! for a good pair of scissors or a really sharp knife! What misery you will inflict upon the sufferer by *sawing* through strings, etc., with a rough-edged, blunt knife. There must be no dragging or pulling off; do not let the hope of saving anything influence you. Let everything be so completely cut loose that it will fall off; but if any part stick to the body, let it remain, and be careful not to burst any blisters.

Treatment.—The treatment of burns or scalds in the first stage consists of wet, warm, but not sour applications, and excluding the air.

Now our medicine-chest comes into use. Get out the old linen or calico; wet a piece of this well with the linseed-oil and lime-water, and as soon as an injured part is exposed put this on; cover it with another dry rag or flannel, and secure it with a bandage. If you have not the mixture of oil and lime-water, get a pint of hot water and milk (equal parts), with a small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda in it. If you have no milk at hand, use warm water with

plenty of common soap in it; or if you have no soap, use plain warm water with the carbonate of soda, or a little morsel of common washing soda, not more than the size of a small hazel-nut, to a pint of water, dissolved in it; but whatever you use, keep the parts thoroughly wet and well covered. If you have a water-proof sheet or coat, or a piece of oilcloth, lay this over the mattress, and then a blanket over it. As soon as you have removed all the clothing and applied the dressings, lift her gently into bed, and cover her as warmly as possible. In after-dressings large surfaces must not be exposed to the air; either leave a thin covering and wet it with the lotion, or, if you are using an ointment, remove only a small portion of the dressing at a time, have everything in readiness, and cover again as quickly as possible.

If there be much pain and fretfulness, you may safely give to an adult thirty drops of laudanum in a little water, and repeat this in an hour, and even a third time if needful. To a child ten years of age give in like manner only three drops, but beware of giving any to an infant.

You must not attempt to manage this case further by yourselves. You have now done your best for her *till the doctor comes*.

HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.



LETTER POCKET.

LETTER POCKET.—An odd device for a wall-pocket for letters is made of a couple

of wooden plates, such as grocers send butter out on. Select nice smooth ones. The one intended for the outside is sawed in the shape of a crescent moon. Paint them a light blue or paste light-blue satin on them; sketch a few weeds on the whole one and paint them in dark brown; join the plates with the concaveside together; paste a narrow strip of muslin over the edges. The frame is made of a square of wood, with an opening sawed in it to fit the plate; cover it with dark red velvet—by drawing it smoothly over the front and gluing it down on the back; fasten the plate on the back of it over the opening by tacking strips of muslin from side to side over the plate; several strips

put on in this manner will keep it firmly in place; cover the back with muslin, put screw-

eyes in near the top, and hang it so the wire is not visible. Glue fluffy bits of white cotton on the tops of the weeds, around the centre, and on the top of the frame. White paint can be used instead of cotton, but the cotton will be found more effective.

AN ORNAMENTAL CALENDAR.—A common block calendar can be transformed into a very pretty ornament for home decoration with little trouble and expense; it is needless to mention its usefulness. It is always such an acceptable gift that it comes in nicely at this time of year when one has to rack their brain to think what to make for holiday presents. To make one as seen here, have a piece of thin wood sawed seven by eight inches; cover it first with a layer of batting cotton, with sachet powder sprinkled freely between it, then cover it with dark, peacock-blue velvet; draw it smoothly over the board, and tack it on the back; tack paper muslin on the back to conceal the raw edges; place screw rings near the top to hang it by. Get a block calendar and glue it on (these can be found at a stationery store). The daisies are artificial, which are tacked with very small tacks. They can be painted on if preferred.

CRAZY PATCHWORK.—Interest in crazy work has not died out; on the contrary, it is increasing. Feminine ingenuity now seems directed toward the formation of new stitches for joining, as the old embroidery and border stitches were found quite inadequate for all that was required of them. These inventions are known as "crazy stitches," and they imitate every known object under the sun or no object at all. They may be briefly described as caricatures of stars, crescents, comets, snowflakes, kettles, musical notes, rainbows, wheelbarrows, bootjacks, and so on, *ad infinitum*. They are generally arranged in rows, so far as necessary to outline or define or secure a patch—but there is no positive rule for them any more than there is for the patchwork itself, so that every lady may invent her own crazy stitches. Perhaps the

newest idea in crazy patchwork is to introduce among it scraps from real India shawls, which are far more precious than silk or satin. As it is now the fashion to make up these costly shawls into cloaks and dolmans, particularly if the original materials be soiled or worn in any way, it is possible to obtain such scraps without willful waste, and many careful ladies will rejoice at the opportunity of escaping the reproach



AN ORNAMENTAL CALENDAR.

of throwing anything so valuable away. Next, we shall hear of crazy work entirely of pieces of India shawl, joined by fine stitches imitating the wonderful Oriental embroidery upon them. These could be exceedingly effective as curtains, portieres, table-covers, or anything for which the coarser grades of India shawls are now so often used. Perhaps the idea will be copied in remnants of Paisley or broche shawls, which are often scarcely less costly than Indias and quite as effective.

KNIT MITTENS.—For very cold days mittens, knitted of bright-colored silks, will be worn by ladies and children, as in past winters. Last year it was the fashion to knit the wrist and back of the hand in fancy patterns. A new mode of decoration is to embroider a plain mitten in silk of a contrasting color, in conventional designs in cross-stitch.

FASHION DEPARTMENT.

FASHION NOTES.

FASHION is in one of her most accommodating moods this winter, and generously grants her votaries perfect freedom in selecting from an almost countless number of styles just the one considered most becoming to the prospective wearer, and if no one special style is thought to be suitable for a certain figure then it is the artist's privilege to combine the approved features of few or many styles and to form a so-called original fashion.

Wedgewood blue is one of the favorite new colors.

Old-gold bands, with cashmere designs, make very good trimming for the dull-red cashmeres and billiard cloths. The only other combination allowed with these reds is beaver, brown, and black.

Long newmarkets of green stockingette can be bought ready made and trimmed with any fur to suit the complexion. They are not trimmed around the hem, as this shortens the figure unbecomingly.

Bottle-green and chestnut-brown bouclé make very stylish short coats.

An inexpensive evening or reception toilette for a young married lady has just been completed. It looks as if made of costly materials, while in reality it is of velveteen, damasse, and a reasonably priced lace. The underdress is of cheap surah, covered with lace flounces, separated longitudinally with panels of brocade. The round, full tablier, of Arcadia velveteen, in one of the new blues, in a rather light shade, is edged with lace. The bodice is of the velveteen and its side-pieces are prolonged into the train, the centre of which is entirely of deep lace flounces. The front of the bodice is long and pointed, and opens over a chemisette of plaited lace, barred across the centre with a strap of velveteen. The high Medicis collar is wired at the edge and ornamented with a bouquet at the side. The Breton sleeves are of lace, confined around the elbow with a bracelet of blue velvet. If desired net lace may be used to form such a toilette over velveteen, or a soft-ribbed silk will do if the bodice and train are of the velveteen.

Exceedingly stylish is a home dress of striped canvas and a plain woolen material, fancifully trimmed with silver gretlots. The skirt of the striped material is made full; the tunic, also of stripes, has its left side draped with a long sash of ribbon, while at the right side it is arranged in a hollow plait. The basque, of a solid colored fabric, has deep square back, is cut out round over the hips and pointed in front. The plaited pastron in front is vandyked at the top in graduated points, and waist, sleeves, and pastron are edged or outlined with silver gretlots or curiously shaped beads.

The prevailing style for fur trimmings on all the new English wraps and jackets is to have

them set on like a boa, but *extremely* high in the neck behind. They fairly frame in the ears and so are quite comfortable, especially as all the new bonnets are cut off short in the crown to enable the furs to be worn high without pushing the bonnet out of shape. Last season's wraps and jackets are made over in the new style by pushing the furs much higher upon the collar and bringing them round in front like a boa instead of like a collar.

To make over last season's velvet bonnet, an extremely high torsade or cockade of velvet or bullion and fringe is set upon the left side. It may have a wing of some color or bright loopings of colored satin or velvet, and it must form a perfect crest to the head. This is a style becoming usually to American women, because most Americans are under the average height.

Wool goods are now very generally adopted for the winter frocks and coats of children three years old and over, and many mothers use them for those who are only two years old, and even when still younger if the child is delicate.

Low-necked dresses with white muslin guimpes are picturesque, but they are not generally used, because the guimpe cannot be made warm enough for midwinter, even with a flannel underwaist. The newest design for these has a low velvet yoke without sleeves, and the cashmere waist is plaited or gathered to the yoke, then cut off at the waist line, and the full straight skirt is either gathered or laid in fine kilt plaits. Bows of narrow ribbon are on each side of the waist in front and back. The newest muslin guimpes are laid in the fine tucks in clusters, with rows of feather-stitching between. The low-necked Gretchen is also made of cashmere to wear with guimpes, and there is another peasant dress that has a low-necked baby waist gathered to a narrow straight band around the shoulders, and has a bow of ribbon above each tiny sleeve, which is the merest fold of the cashmere; the lower part of the waist is gathered to a narrow belt, and below this is the full straight-gathered skirt made of a breadth and a half or else two breadths of cashmere.

For these first frocks cashmeres are suitable, also camel's-hair, the soft chuddahs, and fine flannels; dark blue and dull red are the most serviceable colors, while more fanciful dresses are made of pale pink, rose, or écaru wool. The simplest designs, and therefore the prettiest, have the front full and flowing, with some gathers along the neck, or else with narrow, lengthwise tucks outlining a yoke; the back may be similarly tucked, but is more often a fitted short waist, plain over the lining, and with wide strings of the goods sewed in the under-arm seams and tied behind in a full sash bow. Tucks and a hem are on the skirt, and the neck and sleeves are merely corded. For flannel dresses, a closer pattern has the waist plain, round, high, and quite short, with a very full skirt gathered to it.

The jersey-waists, buttoned behind, with a plaited kilt skirt and sash like the skirt, give such freedom to every movement of the child, and are so serviceable that they are still used by mothers who think more of comfort than of novelty. Dark blue jerseys are worn with a red and blue striped skirt, or a brown jersey with a brown and red plaid skirt, or else plain blue or red cashmere or flannel skirts with a sash like the skirt and a jersey of the same color.

DIRECTIONS FOR HOME DRESSMAKING.—Be particular to get the foundation-skirt cut properly, for on this the "hang" of the dress depends. The back breadth is a straight piece of twenty-seven inches, the front is twenty-seven inches at the lower edge and tapers at the waist to fourteen inches. These are mounted at each side by a gore seventeen inches wide, tapering to twelve inches, the straight side next the front. Round the bottom put a good, strong facing, six inches deep at least, and bind with braid. See that the watch-pocket is three inches from the centre of the front. The tailor's plan of a good pocket on each side is a good one for those who carry much in their pockets; it equalizes the weight and enables the skirt to hang better, even if heavily weighted.

For draping the overskirt or paniers keep certain ideas in view; all the fullness goes toward the back, and though no two sides should be looped alike, the plaits of such drapery at the waist should in a manner correspond. An easy, and a fashionable, drapery now worn can be arranged as follows on a skirt, the foundation of which may be seen: Take a breadth of wide material, long enough to reach to very nearly the hem in front or to the top of any trimming that may have been placed there; divide the width in half in front and pin the middle at the

top to the centre of the band; then plait the half in four or five single horizontal plaits, turning toward the waist; this makes one edge of the material hang straight. Take the other side, and, beginning at the lower edge, form that side into four single plaits and fasten that on the side of the skirt, where it naturally comes, and dispose the fullness of the half at the waist as it falls on the waistband, drawing as much backward as you can. This gives a tunic with a point in front. You treat the back in exactly the same way, taking care that the straight side of the back comes to the plaited side of the front, and *vice versa*.

Many skirts consist of broad box-plaits from six to eight inches wide and even wider; also of kilt plaits from four inches to six inches; but they look better if you bring a panier drapery from the front and a straight-cut train-piece, just looped up twice, at the back. Kilt plaits, of the small, narrow description, at the edge of the foundation-skirt are generally added, but are not absolutely necessary, and in some of the fashionable French gowns, are replaced by a full ruche of the material, pinked out on either edge.

The overskirts of many woolen gowns are turned upward, milkmaid fashion, not so much across the front, but opening in the centre of the tunic, they turn toward the hips, showing a lining. Plain skirts of some thick, striped material, form a petticoat, requiring no foundation-skirt, and the drapery over this falls in very deep folds, but is short at the sides.

Most bodices have short, pointed fronts and tailor-cut backs. The backs are not now cut with many seams, excepting, for a very large figure, where the seams help to disguise the breadth of the shoulders. Sleeves set in very high on the shoulders are going out of style.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"THE SATIN-WOOD BOX." Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, \$1.25. This is a story for juvenile readers, by J. T. Trowbridge. Mr. Trowbridge has undertaken to show how very near an innocent boy can come to the guilty edge, and yet be able, by fortunate circumstances, to rid himself of all suspicion of evil. The story is exceedingly profitable, although painful at times, but it is just the pain and the perplexity which impart to the story its interest, and will make it a useful story to boys who need incentives to courage.

"IMMORTALITY INHERENT IN NATURE." By Walter Sumner Barlow. New York: Fowler & Wells Co. 12mo. Cloth. Price, 60 cents. In this very pretty little book are a series of, for the most part, smoothly written rhymes, the lucubrations of a mind apparently genial and disposed to amiability generally. The book scarcely pretends to fill the title, but is redolent

of a mild, so-called evangelical piety, which will doubtless please those whose views agree with the writer's, and which by no possibility could offend anybody.

"TELL YOUR WIFE." Boston: Lee & Shepard. An anonymous novel. Price, in paper cover, 50 cents.

"SAXE HOLM STORIES." New York: Charles Scribner & Sons. Messrs. Scribner have published a collection of the Saxe Holm stories in two series, as follows:

First Series: Draxy Miller's Dowry; The Elder's Wife; Whose Wife Was She? The One-Legged Dancers; How One Woman Kept Her Husband; Esther Wynn's Love-Letter.

Second Series: A Four-Leaf Clover; My Tourmaline; Farmer Barrett's Romance; Joe Hall's Red Stockings; Susan Lawler's Escape. Price, in paper covers, 50 cents each.

"FROM STEM TO STERN." By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, \$1.25. It is no wonder that boys—old boys as well as young ones—rejoice in Oliver Optic. There are plenty of incidents, told so easily that they are apparently quite in the ordinary way of life. The fortuitous combinations that produce the happy solutions quite chime with the interest of the reader, and please his idea of the proprieties. There is no "pretty" writing, very little sentiment, and plenty of honest wit and good sense. These things have made Oliver Optic a favorite, and he is seen as well in this latest book as in his earlier ones, which to those who know them will be very high but not undeserved praise.

"AN ORIGINAL BELLE." "DRIVEN BACK TO EDEN." By E. P. Roe. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. are issuing a very nicely printed and bound edition of one of Roe's books, in which those named are included as new ones. "Driven Back to Eden" appeared in *Saint Nicholas*, and was a deservedly popular story with other than even young people. "An Original Belle" is a good, clean story, and better than the average in its class. The action is in time of the late war, and the purpose is apparently to show the power that even a society girl may have if her aims are good and her pursuit of them unflinching.

"OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE." By William Sheppard. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. This is a succinct history of ancient Rome, from the time of Augustus Caesar, the first Emperor, B. C. 30, to Romulus Augustulus, the last, A. D. 476. The book is well pruned of the license indulged

in by the old Roman historians, and is an admirable one for the use of young people whose education has not included study of the Latin language. Deserved prominence is given to the important events of each reign, and but little space taken up with tedious narration, the fault of so many histories. The style of the book is excellent; the language concise and well chosen. Its manner is so direct that there is little danger of confusion, and if read with proper deliberation, it cannot fail to be very useful to anybody.

"OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN." By William C. Richards. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, \$1.50. This is an illustrated gift book of some thirty pages, printed on heavy paper, with illuminated cover. To each petition of the Lord's prayer there is a sonnet, by Mr. Richards, and an engraving from original designs for this work. The sonnets bear some marks of the made-to-order stamp, but are smoothly written in a difficult form of verse, and breathe the spirit of orthodox piety as at present understood. Some of the pictorial designs are very good, and the engraving throughout is excellent.

"TEN BOYS ON THE ROAD FROM LONG AGO TO NOW." By Jane Andrews. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, \$1.00. This is a book of short stories, setting forth the doings of boys and their mode of life from the earliest ages to the present time. There are many little bits of information that would not be obtained in the ordinary courses of reading, and the book can hardly fail to be both interesting and instructive. There are a number of good illustrations, and its attractive get up makes the volume a good birthday—or "un-birthday"—book.

EDITORIALS.

WARD RELIEF ASSOCIATIONS.

IF the total value in money and kind of subscriptions to the many charitable organizations could be ascertained, we would probably be moved to complacency as to our national liberality. If to this should be added the large amounts spent constantly upon all kinds of things not wholly necessary to ordinary comfort in life, we would believe that our people are very free-handed, not to say lavish, in spending money. But when we look at the other side of the picture, we will be tempted to doubt the evidence of our senses.

The distress on every hand, not only in large cities, but in small ones, and in towns and boroughs! Where is the smallest community that does not number some who are needy? Can it be possible that immense, almost incredible, sums of money are contributed every year for the relief of the destitute? What becomes of it all?

Every charitable organization is in itself a

good thing, and every effort made to ameliorate the condition of the indigent or unfortunate is noble work, and results in permanent benefit to all honest workers for the cause, if it does nothing more than that.

The number of charities in our day is large, and there is no lack, apparently, of men and women to help in actual distribution, organization, etc., though, of course, money enough for the work of any of them is never forthcoming. It would seem that if a charitable society had funds to spare, its work would be done, and the public would be better without it. But among the number, we doubt if there is one that better meets the common idea of real charity than the municipal societies organized in late years and known as "Ward" relief associations, etc. In the large Eastern cities their operations have generally been successful, and the opportunity afforded the citizens of populous districts to dispose of our latest class of people in America—mendicants—is one that has been readily embraced, hence the support these associations have re-

ceived from people whose views on many other matters differ widely.

We may have an opportunity of giving our readers later on some facts respecting the working of these very practical associations, but there is one view of them in which their advantages are seen very distinctly.

Those who have solicited subscriptions for charitable purposes know well the man who is excessively particular as to the way in which his bounty is to be directed. If solicited for a church charity, he doesn't approve of carrying sectarian issues into such work; if for a children's home, he thinks the grown-up children are really the greatest sufferers; if for an old men's home, the old women are the far needier class; and so on through the list. He is generally a self-deceived man, and the chief result of his scruples is that he doesn't give as he might, and indeed wishes to do, for the benefit of unfortunate humanity of any type. The Ward associations seem to appeal in a way that no reasonable man can refuse to recognize as being excellent and admirable in all respects. They are managed by neighbors whose character is above reproach. The relief is prompt; it does away with the importunate street beggar, and, above all, it deals with every case on its merits without regard to age, sex, creed, or nationality. Truly, this is a noble work and one whose field will, we hope, be extended till it becomes a part in the local government of every city, town, and village.

ORCHIDS.

THE subject of orchids is one attracting a great deal of attention just now, principally because the recent sales of valuable orchids, with the fabulous prices realized, have brought the matter prominently before the public. No doubt many of our readers wonder why orchids should be so costly. There are many reasons—probably the great one is, in general estimation, because orchids are now fashionable, so that everybody of a refined taste who owns orchids wants more, and those who do not, wish they could. But this is a poor reason. Orchids are expensive because they are rare, because the finest have been brought from remote portions of the globe, and because care and outlay are necessary in keeping them. These causes have operated in making them fashionable, in the first place.

Those of our readers who would like to make orchids a study will find the subject one of absorbing interest. If they would like a beautiful collection of correct colored plates, with descriptions in popular language, they are referred to the work, *Orchids, the Royal Family of Plants*, by Harriet Stewart Miner, noticed in the HOME MAGAZINE, last year. If they can visit a private conservatory, containing even a single specimen of an orchid, well and good, for the orchid characteristics can be seen in any flower of the order; if they can behold some of the beautiful representatives of the family in Horticultural Hall, Fairmount Park, Philadel-

phia, so much the better. But any one can learn all about our native orchids, with the aid of Gray's *Manual of Botany*. For we had a number of curious and beautiful ones, of which but few persons not botanists know anything. Among these may be mentioned the showy orchis (*Orchis spectabilis*), which is taken as the type of the whole *Orchidaceae*, or Orchis Family, and several magnificent species of Venus's slipper, or moccasin flower (*Cypripedium*), which are closely allied to several handsome tropical varieties.

In general, an orchid may be described as resembling a lily, with sheathing leaves and brilliantly colored, six-petaled flowers, borne at the top of a reed-like stem. But a lily blossom is regular, while that of the orchid is irregular; one of the six petals differing from the others—this odd petal, in an orchid, is called the lip. A lily always has six stamens and one pistil, but in an orchid the place of stamens and pistils is supplied by a column, appearing as though stamens and pistils had grown together. This lip and column give the orchid flower a singular, fantastic appearance, so that it often resembles a butterfly, or something else than a flower. In some orchids the column looks like a bug or a beetle—in one variety it is said to suggest the head and shoulders of a baby, hence the name, "Baby plant." In the famous Flower of the Holy Ghost, of Central America, the column resembles the head, back, and breast of a white dove, the lip forms an altar before it, two inner crimson-spotted petals are the wings, and the other petals are arched over the dove's head, like the vault of a marble temple. Several fine specimens are in Horticultural Hall.

A COMMEMORATION DAY.

DURING the month of December, 1885, there was commemorated by the Pennsylvania Historical Society, in Philadelphia, the two hundredth anniversary of the introduction of printing into the middle colonies of North America. On the eleventh of the month, the Rev. Geo. Dana Boardman, D. D., delivered an address in the hall of the Historical Society, and following that, on the evening of the twelfth, was given a dinner, to which the printers, publishers, type founders, paper-makers, and booksellers of that city were invited to do honor to the occasion.

The city of Philadelphia seems a peculiarly fitting place in which to hold so interesting a celebration, as it was there that, in 1685, William Bradford set up his press—the first in the middle colonies—his first venture being an almanac for 1686, called *Kalendarium Pennsylvaniense*. Afterward, together with William Rittenhouse, he established the first paper-mill in America near the Schuylkill; and in Philadelphia the first Bible issued in any European language was printed in 1743 by Christopher Sauer, as well as the first daily newspaper in the United States, published by John Dunlap, and called *The Pennsylvania Packet*. Truly, did the spirit of Benjamin Franklin brood over and stimulate the enterprises of his native city.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1886:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

FIGURE No. 1.—MISSES' COSTUME.

FIGURE No. 1.—This illustrates a Misses' costume. The pattern, which is No. 684 and costs 35 cents, is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age.

Very stylish and simple is this costume, which is here pictured developed in an effective combination of *bouclé* goods and velveteen. The four-gored skirt is of velveteen, and is plainly finished. The drapery is all in one piece, and its top is laid in plaits turning from the center of the front. At the sides the drapery is caught in pretty loopings to the skirt, and at the back falls in waterfall fashion. A band of velveteen borders the lower edge of the drapery.

The pretty basque has a vest of velveteen inserted in Breton fashion, the vest being straight across the lower edge and somewhat shorter than the fronts. Bust darts, under-arm gores and center and side-back seams fit the basque beautifully; and the back skirt falls in a full, square postilion, its fulness being underfolded in double box-plaits on the outside. The side-backs fall loose from the back skirt; and the lower edge of the basque is trimmed with a

band of the velveteen, which is finished in points near the front corners of the fronts and the back

corners of the side-backs, each

point being decorated with a large fancy metal button upon a simulated button-hole. Three similar buttons and button-holes decorate the front edge of each front above the bust; and a band of velveteen, finished near the inside seam in a point, decorates the coat sleeve; the point being ornamented with a button and simulated button-hole. The collar is of the standing style and fits close about the neck.

Border-striped woollens are especially nice for the drapery of such costumes, with plain goods of the same texture for the basque and skirt. The skirt may be trimmed at the bottom with narrow plaitings or ruffles or with a band of fur or feather trimming, if the plain finish be not liked. All sorts of thick and light-textured goods will be devoted to such costumes, and braids, *passementeries*, contrasting bands, pipings or bindings, machine-stitchings, etc., will decorate them.

A pretty costume fashioned in this way was of plain sitting and brocaded silk, the latter being used for the skirt and for decorations.

The unique velvet hat is trimmed with a bunch of quill feathers apparently tied together with a prettily bowed ribbon.



FIGURE No. 1.—MISSES' COSTUME.

with a bunch of quill feathers apparently tied together with a prettily bowed ribbon.

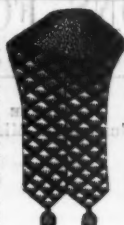


686

Front View.

GIRLS' COLLAR.

No. 686.—This little collar is made of Astrakhan, with quilted satin for lining. The pattern is in 4 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. For a girl of 7 years, it needs $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of goods 22, 27 or 48 inches wide, with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of quilted satin 20 inches wide. Price of pattern, 10 cts.



686

Back View.

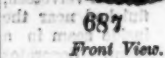


687

Back View.

GIRLS' COAT.

No. 687.—The garment here depicted is made of serge cloth, with Astrakhan and cord ornaments for trimming. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and may be chosen for any variety of coating, with any desirable trimming. To make the garment for a girl of 8 years, requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



687

Front View.



676

Front View.



706

GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 706.—The jaunty costume here shown is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years of age. For a girl of 8 years, it requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide, each with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of velvet 20 inches wide for the collar and facings. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 676.—This very stylish costume is developed in plain blue dress goods, with the material and narrow ribbon for decoration; the disposal of the latter being novel and artistic. Dress goods of seasonable textures, including silks, satins and striped velvets, make up stylishly in this way. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs $16\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide. If goods 48 inches wide be selected, then $8\frac{1}{4}$ yards will suffice. Price of pattern, 40 cents.



676

Side-Back View.



675

LADIES' WRAP.

No. 675.—Plain dress goods were used for the development of this wrap, with a fancy clasp and fur bands for trimmings. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and may be chosen for any appropriate material, with any preferred garniture. To make the wrap for a lady of medium size, will need $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide, or $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard 54 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**FIGURE NO. 2.—CHILD'S OUTDOOR TOILETTE.**

FIGURE NO. 2.—This consists of Child's coat No. 700, and cap No. 699. The coat pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years, and costs 20 cents.

For a child of 4 years, it needs $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of silk to line the hood. The cap pattern is in one size and costs 10 cents. For a cap like it, it needs $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 22 inches wide, with 2 yards of ribbon for bow and ties.

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

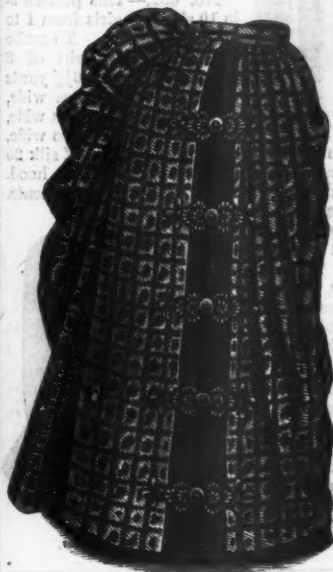
No. 707.—The pattern to this walking skirt is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards of plain material and $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards of fancy goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of plain and $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of fancy 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



693

LADIES' JACKET.

No. 693.—Astrakhan cloth was employed for the construction of the stylish jacket here illustrated, and fancy buttons and braid supply the decorations. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the jacket for a lady of medium size, needs $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 54 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



707

Right Side-Front View.



707

Left Side-Back View.



685

Front View.



685

Back View.

CHILD'S COSTUME.

No. 685.—This little costume pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the costume for a child of 4 years, needs $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of fancy material and $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of striped goods 22 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of Silesia 36 inches wide for the waist. Price, 25 cents.



697

Front View.

**FIGURE No. 3.—MISSES' JACKET.**

FIGURE No. 3.—This illustrates Misses' jacket No. 702. The mode is one of the jauntiest of the season, and is here shown made of *bouclé* cloth, the hood being lined

with bright Surah. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and is adapted to all kinds of seasonable dress goods and coatings. To make the jacket for a miss of 12 years, requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 3 yards 27 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide, each with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of silk 20 inches wide to line the hood. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

MISSES' BASQUE, (ALSO KNOWN AS THE "HUNTING" OR "NORFOLK" JACKET).

No. 697.—To wear as an outside wrap or jacket, this mode is especially becoming; and it will be chosen for all kinds of plain and fancy materials. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the garment for a miss of 12 years, requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 27 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



692

Front View.



692

Back View.

GIRLS' CLOAK.

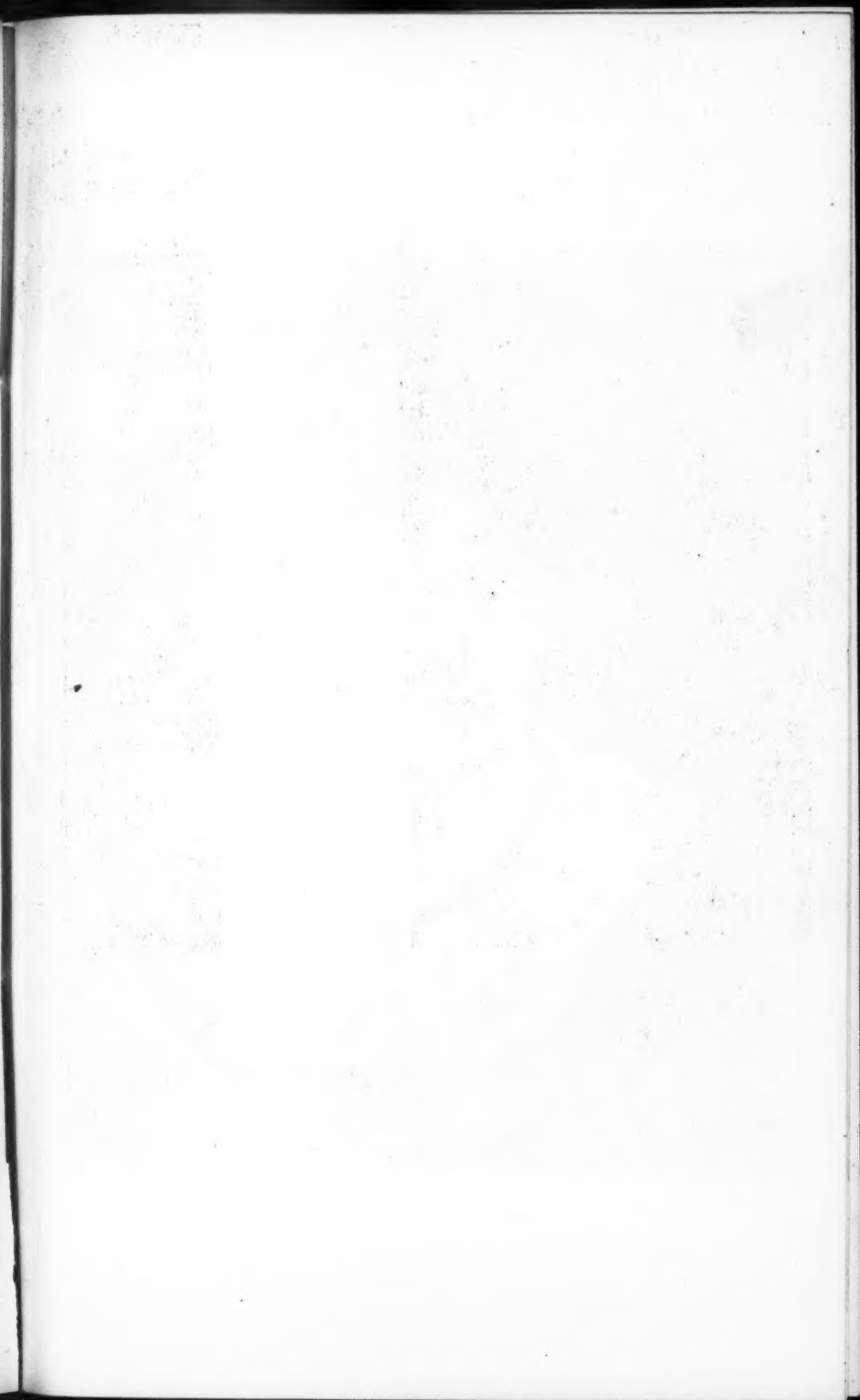
No. 692.—This pattern is in 10 sizes for girls from 1 to 10 years of age. To make the cloak for a girl of 8 years, will require $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27 inches wide, or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide, each with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of silk 20 inches wide to line the hood. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



697

Back View.

The Publishers of the **HOME MAGAZINE** will supply any of the foregoing Patterns post-paid, on receipt of price.





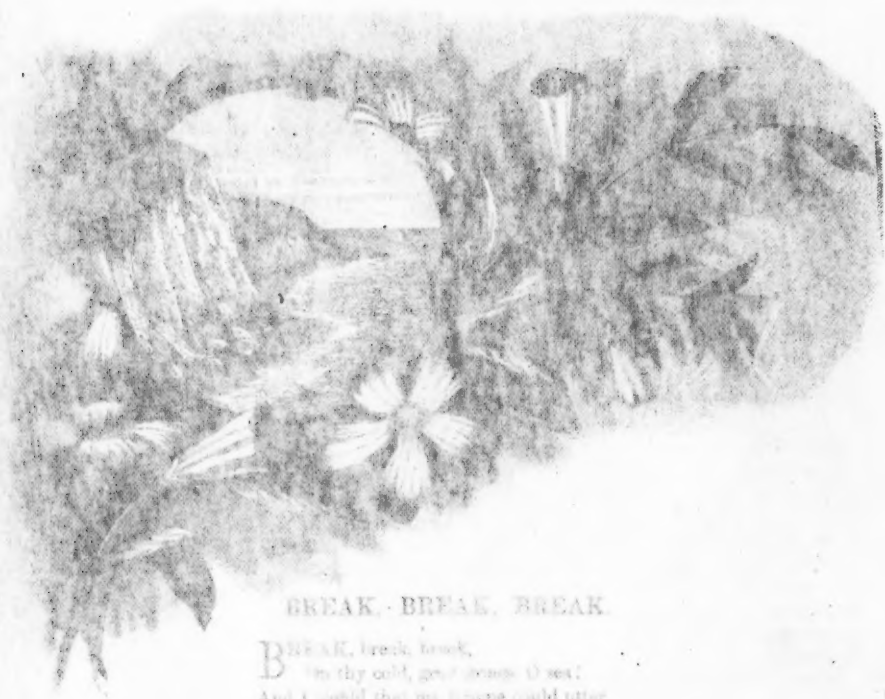
"THE GERMAN."—Page 108.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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FEBRUARY, 1896.

No. 2



BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold, grey stones O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh! well for the fisher-man's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh! well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the steady ships go on
To the haven under the hill;
But oh! for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



"THE GERMAN."—Page 108.